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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

We are pleased to observe that the editor of the *English Review* in the July issue disposes in a very few words of the unseemly article which appeared recently in the *Spectator* abusing his Review in language which we, being anxious to preserve the tone of literary journalism, refused to reproduce. We think it is obvious that the editor of the *Spectator* has been badly served in this matter, because to every letter of protest to which he affords the hospitality of his columns he seems to find it necessary to reply in spasms.

It may have occurred to the imaginative reader in moments when, with Alice in Wonderland, he gazes through the looking-glass and perceives impossible things, to speculate upon what would happen if on a certain day not a single paper should be issued, and the thought must have made him shiver with temporary apprehension. No news with the morning coffee; no solace during the journey towards his diurnal occupation; no stimulating posters as he wandered forth at midday; no sheets damp from the press at dewy eve. Fortunately, perhaps, such a day is far off, and in order that we may not lose heart Mr. Belloc has organised still another contribution to literary London in *The Eye-Witness*, a weekly review dealing smartly and brightly with questions of topical interest. It is to be published every Thursday, and, if the first number is a fair sample of favours to come, it should command success. The best article, judging from a literary point of view, is one by Mr. Charles Granville, entitled "The Artist and his

Nation," in which the thesis is advanced that cosmopolitanism is not only unnecessary, but may prove to be a positive hindrance, to the creative work of the future. It is a debatable question, but the author argues well and strongly for the value of "first impressions" to the artist, as opposed to lengthy study of places or peoples. Mr. Belloc himself contributes a dialogue, and, we imagine, the leading article on "Federal Defence;" other well-known names—Maurice Baring, H. G. Wells, Desmond McCarthy—sign articles on various topics which spread the interest of the paper over a wide area. We wish *The Eye-Witness* a long and honourable career.

As citizens of London, the most talked-of centre in the world at the present time, it behoves us to behave in seemly fashion, since there are many folks among us "takin' notes." The Paris correspondent of one of our papers has heard some serious reflections on the appearance of Englishwomen, communicated by a visitor during the past busy week. Englishwomen, it seems, "move their limbs as if they were walking over a golf-field; they have the gait of the athletic being;" and the consequences when fashion decrees the adoption of restricted skirts are "awful." They fail in their effect—sartorially speaking—because they "do not sit up." "They are deplorably hump-backed when they are at table or occupy themselves with work in the house." These assertions are much too sweeping, and convey the impression that the Parisian visitor must have encountered some peculiarly unhappy specimens of womanhood during her stay with us. Were her remarks prompted by envy of a superior physique? To do her justice, she paid a vague compliment at the close of her diatribe by observing that there is something impressive about an English woman—"a certain natural dignity that one does not find to quite the same extent in other nations." Why, then, should she grumble at the presence of a few round-shouldered, or anaemic, or inordinately muscular ladies who chanced to cross her field of vision and offend her artistic sensibilities?

The art of the theatre at the present time is in a somewhat chaotic state, partly, doubtless, because so many different types of client have to be provided for, and to treat the subject at all adequately in the compass of a short article is almost impossible. In the last issue of the *Gentlewoman*, however, Miss Lillah McCarthy discusses "The Intellectual Side of the Drama of To-day" very interestingly, and makes some pungent observations on the output of plays and comedies which bids fair to overwhelm the modern manager. Writers of modern drama, she notes, have ranged themselves in two separate camps: the one carrying out its ideals without resort to the traditional usages of the stage; the other "conforming to strict dramatic rules, and possessing a strong sense of the necessity of dramatic unity." The "propaganda play" does not appeal unless it is made the centre of some strong dramatic incident worked to a vivid climax, and Miss McCarthy points out that the successes of the Court Theatre a few years ago, and of the Repertory Season at the Duke of York's, were due to a grasp of this fact. "Plays that fail to do this may have a small distinguished following of an anaemic type, but the intellectual force they possess will be useless in influencing the thought of large masses of the people." In her management of the Little Theatre Miss McCarthy has shown what can still be done in the direction of intellectual drama apart from any violent propagandist spirit, and it will be interesting to follow the fortunes of the dainty house of the Adelphi, which has taken us so fortunately far from the "Adelphi" traditions.

THE TASK

I sit and beg beside the gate,
I watch and wait to see you pass ;
You never pass the portals old,
The gate of gold, like gleaming glass.

Yet you have often wandered by,
I've heard you sigh, I've seen you smile,
You never smile now as you stray—
You can but stay a little while.

And now you know your task is hard,
You must discard your jewelled gear ;
You must not fear to crave a dole
From any soul that waits you here.

And you have still your regal pride,
And you have sighed that I should see
Your gifts to me beside the gate,
Your pride, your great humility.

JOSEPH PLUNKETT.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE HOME OFFICE

THE vigorous and true indictment by Mr. Lyttelton of the administration of the Home Office under the present head of that department has led us to refer to an article which we wrote in November last. It was at that period that unwarrantable interference with the jurisdiction of magistrates in England was coincident with the reign of disorder in South Wales as the direct result of similar interference in the Principality. The methods of Mr. Churchill have latterly exhibited more restraint, either because he has learned a modicum of wisdom, or because it is felt by his colleagues to be too great a scandal and too great a danger to the party to allow him to pirouette in the guise of a carnival entertainer. We are thankful for small mercies, and perhaps it is not a small mercy that the administration of justice is no longer in all respects the butt of an irresponsible Minister.

The change of tone which is observed may of course be traced to the fact that in November last a General Election was known to be imminent, and a notorious manifesto—which fell absolutely flat—had just been launched by the distinguished statesman whose salary from the taxpayer had recently been doubled. If it was impossible to return value in the coinage of wisdom, it is often easy to delude a democracy with a spurious issue.

It was with this view in his mind that Mr. Lyttelton remarked that the conduct of the Home Office recently had been marked by appeals to the gallery. Mr. Lyttelton coupled this observation with one which was not equally true. He said that the manner in which the Home Secretary, without inquiry of and consultation with the magistrates, had made a random use of the prerogative of mercy had thrown “the Justices into utter confusion and bewildered embarrassment in dealing with the cases which came before them.” We think that Mr. Lyttelton has been

entirely misinformed. The Justices paid not the slightest attention to the aberrations and fussy circulars of the temporary occupant of a position which they had been accustomed to observe under the control of trained statesmen.

The self-assertive tyro, imbued with transatlantic ideals of political warfare, may overreach himself to such a degree that he labels himself as negligible.

It must be confessed that Mr. Churchill had very little to say in extenuation of his conduct of the Home Office, and what defence he did offer was very coldly received by the House of Commons. The necessity of reasoning in place of ranting reduced him to a sorry plight, in which inaccuracy of statement was allied to acknowledged infidelity to the legislation passed by the Government of which he is a member. Infidelity was carried even further, because presumably having omitted to submit a proof of his speech to Mr. Lloyd George, he brought a very discreditable charge against the Welsh Magistracy. In effect the charge was this—he, of his great wisdom, knew that the local authorities in South Wales only demanded the presence of troops to preserve order because that course would entail no charges on the locality, whereas, if police were requisitioned, the cost of their employment would be a local charge. He proceeded that police were better fitted to deal with the emergency—a fact which must have been known to the local authorities—and therefore, seeing through the latent aim of the demand for troops, he disregarded it and sent police.

We venture to think that Mr. Churchill should have taken a further step. If—without necessity and purely from mercenary motives—the local authorities demanded the employment of a force armed with lethal weapons which might—also without necessity—have resulted in loss of life, a responsible Home Secretary would not for seven months have left those authorities—without humanity, without principle, and without sense of proportion—to prescribe the necessary measures in a situation which has never ceased to be threatening.

The defence advanced is utterly flimsy. The object was to catch votes by playing to the gallery.

But what an extraordinary position do we observe when we come to examine Mr. Churchill's attitude towards the Prevention of Crime Act. This Act was passed by his predecessor, Lord Gladstone, with Mr. Churchill's consent as a member of the Cabinet. He now says he has had “great misgivings about that Act,” and characteristically he makes an attack on the magistrates whose duty it has been to administer it. The Home Secretary goes further, and announces that he is, on his own authority, altering the provisions of the Act as it appears on the Statute-book, and instructing the police to take the law from him. Well may the Justices stand aghast when it appears that it is not the law of Parliament which they are called on to administer, but the law of Parliament as amended by Mr. Churchill.

Where is this farce and travesty to end? When is the Home Department to be intrusted to a statesman of the calibre of Mr. Asquith when he filled the position, or of Mr. George Cave to-day? Is it possible that internal administration can be balanced, can be carried on with even-handed firmness and wisdom whilst an appeal to the illiterate voter is barely concealed in every executive and administrative act?

CECIL COWPER.

THREE GREAT PAGEANTS

THE SHAKESPEARE BALL

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

THERE are three factors in his national life in which the average Englishman takes a legitimate pride and interest—the intellectual superiority of our language and of its literature; the loyalty of the masses, through all the varying political and constitutional changes, towards the Throne; the strength and supremacy of our Navy. Therefore, as was only proper and fitting, the three found separate and worthy expression at the Coronation, and we now propose to deal with them in the order of their celebration.

Those who witnessed the great pageant at the Albert Hall can only carry away with them a confused but glorious memory of the barbaric splendour of the scene. No human mind is capable of dividing such a mass of colour and gorgeously arrayed men and women into separate entities, and thus forming a number of separate pictures in which the leading figures stand out in bold relief. Probably never before, as long as histrionic annals have any claim to veracity, has such a gathering been brought together to do homage to the life-work of a single mind. What other author has ever had such a tribute paid to him, and what other works, three hundred years after the master has passed away, have grown so much in the estimation of mankind, and have received as a final seal to their superiority the homage of over four thousand of the élite of every civilised and semi-civilised nation?—

... men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself.

For every nation, every State, every Sultanate, or feudatory Dominion considered worthy of sending a special representative to the King's Coronation was represented on Tuesday night of last week at the Albert Hall. In almost every one of these countries, whether they are filled with Aryans, Mongolians, or Negroids, editions and translations of Shakespeare's works are to be found. To the Englishman, whether exiled in his country's service beneath palm or pine, they have brought encouragement, inspiration, and solace.

In far-off China and Japan, in South America, in tropical Africa, in little craft navigating the Arctic regions an edition is certain to be found ready at hand, and in a hundred foreign tongues which have known no common literature except the Gospel they are read with wonder and delight. Napoleon as a young lieutenant once said "With my sword by my side, with my Homer under my arm I shall walk through the world." This proud boast the mighty Emperor only partially achieved, because the Englishman was at that time also walking through the world with his sword by his side and with his Shakespeare under his arm.

The combined efforts of all the historians who ever tried to bring the past before our eyes pale into insignificance before such a scene. We saw long half-forgotten or neglected epochs stalk before our eyes. We saw the famous men and famous women, the good and the bad, the fortunate and the unfortunate, the lovers of old romance and the great characters of fiction galvanised into life as if by a stroke of the enchanter's wand, and pass before our wondering gaze in a glorious or shameless procession. In twenty-seven stately quadrilles they passed, Emperors, Kings, Queens, courtesans, statesmen, and warriors; Romeos and Juliets, Antons and Cleopatras, Hamlets and Ophelias, buffoons and jesters, mechanics and rude peasants, to bow low before the Court of Queen Elizabeth. All this galaxy of fame and beauty formed but component

parts in man's complex nature; it was a procession in which we saw all the passions of men and women, good and bad, dull or brilliant, which have swayed the world throughout all ages, painted by a single human mind, and it is just because we realised that we were gazing on a Pageant of our every-day life taken from the past and pourtrayed by the highest exponents of each failing or virtue of human nature, that the Ball was such a unique spectacle and such a unique success.

But even amidst the triumph the voice of criticism cannot be altogether hushed. We should like to praise, but in this country nothing great was ever accomplished without some flagrantly vulgar and unworthy anomaly asserting its world-weary Hydra head, and in this instance it was to be found in the conception of the Pageant rather than in the carrying out of the prescribed programme, which seemed perfect in every detail. Ostensibly the Ball was arranged to provide funds for a National Shakespearian Theatre. Whether such a scheme is desirable or capable of accomplishment we are not disposed to discuss here, but we might make one remark in passing—namely, that if all the money spent on costumes had been voluntarily subscribed towards such a scheme we might now be in a position to erect the finest and most resplendent theatre in the world. But you cannot raise large sums of money without holding out to the subscribers the hope of some eventual reward, and in this case the attraction was the opportunity given to each of disporting him or her self in some historic rôle which each believed he or she resembled either in character or in form. Thus the funds which were actually realised will only represent about ten per cent. on the money spent in bringing about the Pageant. "But things like this you know must be," as old Jasper would have remarked, and it is not to that which we refer.

The Ball was purely Shakespearian; every one had to come arrayed as one of his characters, or in the contemporary period of his own life or that covered by his plays. Whatever may have been the original intention, it developed, as it was bound to do, into a spontaneous tribute to that supreme mind, which has exercised a greater influence in moulding the character of a nation and of mankind as a whole than any other to which we do not apply the appellation of divine. Therefore, as it was a tribute to a particular individual, that individual should have been made the central figure to whom all should have paid homage. But we need hardly say that the customary English lack of imagination, snobbishness, and suburbanism asserted itself and gained the day, and the outward display of homage, not the true, invisible tribute which all were paying in spite of themselves, was offered, not to Shakespeare the Man, but to Elizabeth the Queen. Now, when you come to analyse this, nothing could be more absurd. Why should far more renowned Kings and Queens, rulers of far greater Empires than ever acknowledged the sway of England's Queen, do obeisance to Elizabeth? In many ways she was a great woman, and probably an ideal Queen for the troublesome period in which she lived, but unworthy to hold a candle to many of those who bowed down before her. Her period produced many famous men who laid the foundation of our Empire of to-day, and Elizabeth is the acknowledged recipient of their accumulated glory. But she has left no legacy except, perhaps, that of a partially good and partially bad example to posterity; whereas Shakespeare, the unknown townsman from Stratford-on-Avon, who strutted in a minor rôle over the boards of the Theatre which he was destined to adorn with immortality, and who held the horses of those who have since become but the show puppets of his genius, has left us a legacy which is the corner-stone of the Anglo-Saxon race and the envy and admiration of every other nation.

What an opportunity to right the great wrong which was

done him in his lifetime ! What an opportunity to show that even if the contemporary passes the true diamond by unnoticed, subsequent generations, when they have recognised the error of their forefathers, will lose no opportunity to make amends ! What a satisfaction to those yet to come who may not receive the seal of recognition during their lifetime ! What a unique opportunity was allowed to go by ! How much more impressive if all the historic characters whom he has rendered famous and whose names only live through him, and if all the nobles and courtiers who neglected him, buffeted him, or who extended their patronage to him in return for priceless sonnets, including Queen Elizabeth herself, had been made to do obeisance to Shakespeare ! We do not mean that he should have been made to look ridiculous by representation in the life ; rather some simple statue of the master adorned with the Parnassian Wreath. But the opportunity was allowed to slip, and, although we may regret, there is no object in dwelling on it further.

But, placing aside this lamentable lack of imagination in the conception of the scheme, the Shakespeare Ball was a huge success. No ball on such a scale has ever been attempted before, and it is doubtful if any other country could have brought together such a gathering of princes and nobles, actors and actresses—the proud and the rich, the humble and the poor. No other building can compare with the Albert Hall for such a scene. It is almost impossible to overfill it, and, in spite of the thousands present, it never seemed overcrowded. From hundreds of boxes the past looked down on the past ; in every corridor it seemed as if the grave had yielded up the most famous men and women of all times for just one evening on this earth ; the vast floor was alive with dancing figures—men and women of different epochs separated by centuries meeting each other for the first time and dancing in perfect amity. Old rivalries were forgotten, and the bitterest enemies walked or waltzed side by side—the murdered strutted with their murderers, the deposed with their usurpers, the defeated warrior with his vanquisher, the divorced or injured wife with her erring spouse ; the lover once more joined hand with the loved ; the mistress and the courtesan with the wife the affections of whose husband they had ousted ; the master and the servant, the buffoon and the jester, the Emperor and the slave met on terms of perfect equality for just this one fleeting night.

It mattered not that many present had never read a line of Shakespeare or seen his plays acted ; for once all caught the enthusiasm of the occasion, and accepted his creations as something beyond their comprehension, and bowed down in mute idolatry. It mattered not that many were arrayed in costumes totally unsuited to their characters, ages and figures ; for once the end justified the indiscretion. It mattered not that many had little conception of how to dance a quadrille ; their misplaced steps and awkward genuflexions were lost in the vastness of the hall and the splendour of the multitude. Over all a myriad of coloured lights shone, and the largest band ever brought together sent forth its joyous strains. But no light is too bright and no noise too loud to obscure genius, and hovering above the gilded throng, overshadowing in its simple splendour all the kings and queens, princes, statesmen, and warriors, alive or dead, there brooded the mighty spirit of Shakespeare the Man.

KING AND PEOPLE

ON Thursday and Friday of last week the opportunity was given to the masses of showing their loyalty towards the Throne, both in the King's Coronation Procession and in the great parade of the troops through London on the

following day, in which the King and Queen also took part. It is no use trying to disguise the fact that the crowds in the West-end were smaller than those which attended the Coronation of Edward VII., but both the King and Queen received a right royal welcome. At first sight this fact might seem disquieting, and might be brought forward as evidence that the Crown has lost some of its old-time prestige and popularity, but if we examine the causes there is little ground for alarm. Primarily it was due to the erection of the barriers along the line of the short procession. So much had been written about them in advance, and so many warnings had been issued by the police as to the dense masses who might be expected, that a very large number were frightened from turning up at all, and preferred to take a cheap ticket to the country or seaside. Thus not only was the crowd small, but it was composed of the lowest elements in the population, who came more out of curiosity than from a sense of duty or patriotism. On the other hand, so low were the prices asked in some of the stands that many who were formerly accustomed to line the side-walk watched the procession in the comparative comfort and luxury of a stand.

So much has been written of the Coronation that it would be superfluous to attempt a description of it here. We are more or less accustomed to these huge parades and State ceremonies, as we have had a surfeit of them during the past ten years, but the foreigners and visitors from across the seas were lost in wonder at the vast amount of time, money, and trouble we spend on a show which lasted at the most about twenty minutes. No other country—not even Oriental—goes in for them on such a scale of magnificence ; no other monarchy takes the people so much into its confidence, and allows all classes to have a hand in making it a popular success. Probably no city has ever been so transformed as was London during last week. The streets through which the procession passed on the first day were entirely shut off and made into a circus to which entrance was obtained through thirty-two doors, which happily remained open all the time. In this vast arena was erected a mass of stands capable of seating, at a rough computation, over a million people, and surely Rome in her palmiest days never equalled or approached this record. Every one of these stands was decked in red cloth and painted in distinctive colours.

The procession on the second day was the finer sight of the two, because it was longer, of greater variety, and the King and Queen, riding in an open carriage, could be seen, and consequently received a much louder and more enthusiastic welcome. The detachments of the armed forces of the Empire sent a thrill of pride through every Briton's heart and aroused the envy and admiration of every foreigner present. The British Army is small in numbers, totally inadequate to the vast needs of our Empire directly any unexpected strain is thrown on it, but what other army can make such a brave show on occasions like these ? What other country has such a variety of uniforms and colour ? What other citizens take such an interest in each distinctive corps, and know its deeds in war so well ? To judge from the cheers which greeted each detachment the Army still enjoys its old-time popularity with the masses, and many a humble citizen must have regretted in his inmost heart that he was not gorgeously arrayed and taking part in such a glorious scene, so flattering to the pride of the people, but still more so to the pride of those who received the people's cheers. The Blue-jackets received a tremendous reception, and right well they deserved it, for we never saw a finer-looking body of men. But it is invidious to praise one corps at the expense of another ; cavalry, artillery, infantry, and irregulars—all were welcome, and even louder than ever was the cheering which greeted the Colonial and Indian detachments.

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The Indian cavalry and orderly-officers sat their horses like bronze statues. Their Oriental calm and reserve never for a moment relaxed. They heeded not the cheers, they gazed neither to the right nor to the left, they marched on, the embodiment of that belief in destiny which has cemented our work of a century in India. No other Empire has ever had defenders drawn from so many quarters of the globe, no other capital has ever resounded to the martial tread of so many alien races, who come, not as enemies, but as loyal supporters of one monarch, a common flag, and heirs of all our Imperial traditions of past conquests and pioneer work under palm and pine.

Perhaps the most impressive sight of all was the detachment of Canadian Mounted Police, who alone of all the corps from across the seas brought their own horses with them; but every Colony and Dominion contributed equally worthy sons, whether they came from Australia or New Zealand, from the Straits Settlements or West Indies. South Africa sent men who ten years ago fought against us in the field, but who are now to be found amongst the most loyal supporters of the Union Jack. As long as the Empire has a sufficiency of trained men made of the same material as those we saw on Friday last it has little to fear. But are there enough? Has not the time arrived, whilst the memory is still fresh and the enthusiasm of the people still waxes strong, to adopt those measures which would place our security above suspicion and our power beyond the avarice of those who covet that which we now hold. To judge from the cheers which greeted the soldiers and sailors of the Empire, some form of conscription would not long be unpopular once it was understood, and men realised that it was not a form of tyranny and oppression, but an honourable service which no self-respecting citizen could afford to avoid. It was a proud day for the King, it was a proud day for the troops, it was a proud day for the people. Shall it be allowed to pass or to remain only as a glorious memory rapidly fading into the endless vista of inutility and sham? Cannot we use it in a more worthy manner as a corner-stone on which to build a haven of refuge and permanent safety for those generations who will fill our place in ages yet to come?

But the most impressive sight of all was at night, when, the traffic along the line of route having been stopped, the streets were given over completely to the people to view the illuminations. Piccadilly, St. James's-street, Pall-Mall, and Whitehall resembled some huge river, the high banks of which had been illuminated with a myriad of lights, and through which there flowed a deep, black, sluggish torrent. The behaviour of the crowd was admirable; no roughs made the night hideous with rowdyism and songs, and the police had merely to keep the people moving in the right direction. Hardly a sound arose as the mighty throng sweeping alternate ways moved at a snail's pace, gazing upwards at the blaze of light, not heeding the occasional showers. The numbers of those who came out at night completely eclipsed the throng which had lined the route earlier in the day, and it was not composed of the lower classes, but of rich, the middle-class, and the poor.

THE NAVAL REVIEW

ON Saturday morning a mighty fleet anchored in the Solent awaited the arrival of its Admiral and King, and no more inspiring spectacle has ever brightened a monarch's eye. If the Coronation was grand, the Naval Review was infinitely more so. Other nations can show larger armies than ourselves, but no other nation can produce, or has produced, a fleet of such numbers or of such strength as was gathered in the fairway between Southampton and the Isle of Wight. Science has brought about marvellous changes in a short

space of time in ships of war. Opposite the Royal yacht in Portsmouth Harbour lay the *Victory*, Nelson's old flagship at Trafalgar; she was the first vessel on which the King's gaze rested on his arrival in the Harbour. The *Victory* is 226ft. long, displaces a little over 2,162 tons, and her four decks tower above all surrounding craft, and were pierced for 104 guns. The *Victory* was propelled by the winds of heaven. She was a fast vessel for those days, and with a favourable breeze could make seven knots in a following wind. Outside in the Harbour lay the *Neptune*, the latest addition to our fleet and the last word in Super-Dreadnoughts. The *Neptune* displaces 19,900 tons, she has hardly a piece of wood on her, and instead of the 104 guns of the old *Victory* she carries only ten of any value in warfare. But these ten guns are monsters in size and power. The range of the *Victory's* largest cannon was about a mile, and the weight of her largest shot thirty-two pounds, but each of those monsters on the *Neptune* can throw 850lb. of steel filled with a deadly explosive to a distance of over twenty miles. The guns of the *Victory* were exposed on open wooden decks, those of the *Neptune* are guarded in casemates of solid steel over eighteen inches thick. Engines capable of driving her at a speed of over twenty-two knots an hour have taken the place of the three masts of Nelson's old flagship.

But whilst science has brought about these marvellous results in a little over one hundred years since Trafalgar, the men who man those guns are of the same race, trained in the same school, and are the descendants of those who shovelled home the round shot, pulled the lanyards, furled or unfurled the sails, and who repelled the boarders in that Titan struggle which set the seal on our naval supremacy which no nation has dared to challenge since. Men come, men go, and others take their place; admiral succeeds admiral and passes on his way; the old three-decker has made way for the ironclad; only one thing remains permanent and unalterable in the British Fleet, and that is the spirit and example of mighty Nelson. The spirit of the great Admiral brooded over the British Fleet on Saturday last, and he was the true Commander-in-Chief. Powerful and impressive as that mighty fleet looked, so sombre in its grey, colourless paint, yet so dazzling in its strength and majesty, the real centre of interest was the old war-worn *Victory*. Every visitor should have seen her before visiting the anchored Fleet just to place him or her self in the right frame of mind to understand and appreciate the mighty legacy which Nelson has left to the English race. Is there any experience in life more inspiring or one which brings home the past more forcibly than a visit to the old *Victory* in Portsmouth Harbour? You enter the ship by the very gangway through which Nelson passed when he left Plymouth on his last glorious but tragic voyage. You walk the same old decks over which the Admiral paced day after day scanning the horizon for the French fleet. You see some of the same old muzzle-loading guns, thirty-twos, twenty fours, and twelve pounders, which his men handled one hundred and six years ago. You enter the Admiral's cabin, a narrow room so low that you are hardly able to stand upright, in which he lived at one time for two years at a stretch without ever setting foot on shore, and in which he wrote his historic prayer when within sight of the combined fleets of France and Spain in the early morning of October 5th, 1805. You can almost see him pass from the cabin and mount to the quarter-deck as if it were a throne amidst the cheers of his devoted crew. You can follow him as he goes his rounds visiting each deck in turn and enjoining his men not to waste a shot. Then once more he is on the quarter-deck surrounded by his captains and giving them his last instructions, and dictating his last famous signal.

Now there rises before your eyes the picture of a great battle. The huge three-decker sails majestically along, not deigning to reply to the long-distance fire of the French and Spanish line. You can picture to yourself Nelson and Hardy pacing the deck side by side and the Admiral ordering more canvas to be crowded on. You can see the sweating gun-crews, the sails rapidly filling with holes, the masts damaged, the marines falling on the poop beneath the enemy's fire until Nelson orders Captain Adair to make his men lie down. Then comes the mighty crash when the *Victory* breaks the enemy's line, pouring her deadly broadside into the stern of the *Bucentaure*, and falling on board the *Redoubtable*. You follow Nelson and Hardy in their calm promenade along the quarter-deck, amidst the death and destruction caused by the rapid fire of the enemy's marksmen in the masts and yards. Then the smoke for a moment is wafted away, and, looking up at the *Redoubtable*'s mizzen-top, you see a French soldier alone—for his companions have fallen—taking a steady aim at the little man with the one arm, the cocked hat, and his breast covered with orders. Then his musket flashes, and Nelson turns sharply and falls. Hardy tries to raise him, but the Admiral replies, "They have done for me this time, Hardy; my backbone is shot through." The sailors carry him below; but even then he must indulge the last infirmity of his noble mind. He sees the tiller-ropes shot away, and orders them to be replaced. Then he covers his face with his handkerchief in order that his sailors shall not see the loss they have sustained. He passes down the companion-way. The dying man knows he has seen the sun and smelt the salt-sea air for the last time. He stops not on the main-deck nor on the lower-deck, but is carried to the cockpit, which is below the sea-level. Does any one realise what the cockpit of an old man-of-war was like?

Imagine a noisome hole some five feet high, without any light except that provided by oil-lamps. The ship's surgeons are standing with their sleeves rolled up, covered with blood, a can of boiling tar by their sides, surgical instruments ready to hand, and lopping off the injured limbs of the sailors and marines as fast as they are carried below. Into this awful scene, peculiarly repugnant to his sensitive, almost woman-like nature, the dying hero is borne. Already the floor is so encumbered with dead and dying and amputated limbs that with difficulty space is found for him. The surgeon comes and pronounces the wound mortal. Nelson orders him to assist others who may be saved, and, with his Chaplain, is left alone to endure three hours' struggle with death, whilst the fight continues above his head. We will not dwell on his last moments. How Hardy came and told him of the victory he had won. Hardy kisses him, and bids him farewell. At one moment he regrets dying—"I would like to have lived a little longer," he gasps—but this weakness soon passes, the old heroic spirit once more asserts itself, and the hero's last words are those which have inspired every future generation of sailors, "Thank God I've done my duty." So realistic is the scene that it is a relief to pass from the cockpit on to the upper deck to smell the fresh air, and to realise that it is all a vision of the past that has crowded your mind. Then how lonely does the old ship seem. There are no sails, but few guns, no crew, no noise, no triumphant shouts of victory, no mighty broadsides shattering the power of France for ever on the sea. All is deserted—the decks are bare, not a man is to be seen, not an enemy is in sight—there are only the ghostly visions of the past and a little slab on the upper deck with the simple inscription "On this spot Nelson fell." But the spirit of the mighty Admiral hovers over all. It follows you outside the old inner harbour; it conducts you to the great fleet lying at anchor waiting to welcome the successor of the monarch for whom Nelson loyally fought and died.

Then as you pass on from the murky decks of the *Victory* out into the open sea and behold the mighty panorama of ironclads, cruisers, destroyers, torpedo-boats, and submarines, you realise that all were conceived and made possible in the cockpit of the *Victory*, and that this is the legacy which Nelson has left to his country. For that little one-eyed, one-armed man, who makes such an irresistible appeal to all because he only measured his greatness by his human frailties, has given us a supremacy on the sea and a naval peace which has lasted uninterruptedly for over one hundred years. Never since 6.15 on the afternoon of October 5th, 1805, has the British Fleet been called upon to fight a general action. It has helped to destroy a Turkish squadron, it has bombarded Algiers and Alexandria into submission, it has blockaded the Russian Squadron in Sevastopol, but no enemy has ever yet dared to challenge its supremacy on the broad ocean.

What would Nelson have thought of that mighty squadron brought together in the waters of the Solent? How astounded he would have been by the changes which have come over the ships. But surely his heart would have swelled with pride, and he would have felt he had not died in vain if his eye had been able to rest on the six great lines of warships, from the tiny submarine with its crew of seven to the mighty *Neptune* with her crew of seven hundred. It was an impressive, almost awful, moment when at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* left Portsmouth and entered the line of battleships. It had been arranged for the King himself to give the signal when the Royal salute was to be fired, but the over-eagerness of a single gunner spoilt this. Suddenly, before its time, a gun boomed forth, a hundred others followed suit, and in a moment a pall of smoke hung over the Solent, and until the gentle breeze had wafted this aside the fleet was hidden from view. Decency forbids us to relate the awful things the Admiral had to say to the Captain of this erring vessel, but it exemplified the motto of the British Fleet, which is, and should always be, "Ready." Over-eagerness is a quality which may well be excused, and that gunner who could not wait for his King, but gave the signal himself was of the school of Nelson. He would probably be the first man to fire a shot in action and the last to pull the lanyard as his ship sank beneath his feet. Words cannot pourtray the magnificence of the scene. The dull grey—the universal colour of the British ships—is awful in its deadliness. It seems to offer no hope to an enemy. You feel that the men behind those steel casemates must win or will die without yielding.

As you gaze on those grey vessels you feel that in them is irrevocably bound up the future of the British Empire, and that, however much politicians may fight amongst themselves and do their best to break up our Constitution and alienate the component parts of our Empire, the Fleet stands apart as a solid, unbreakable wall between our foolishness and shortsightedness, and the envy and ill-will of our enemies. After all, without that steel wall and the men behind it all our domestic differences are as naught. We could not live a day; we should have the alien dictating the Constitution under which we are to live. Long may that wall remain inviolate! And it will just as long as the spirit of Nelson and the death-scene in the cockpit of the *Victory* form an inseparable part of every English boy's upbringing.

Thus the day passed, and who will ever forget the scene at night, when every vessel displayed her figure in a robe of electric light? For twenty miles this phantom fleet lit up the Solent as it was never lit by moon or stars. Then, as the lights faded away at midnight and darkness settled over the scene, you felt you had seen something which could not be surpassed in grandeur, and also an even

more satisfactory thought entered your mind. You felt that every foreign sailor present was thinking of our strength, and perhaps muttering to himself, "Is the game worth the candle? Can we hope to compete with a nation and with a fleet like this?"

Now all is over. The three great pageants are at an end. The grave has closed again over the historical figures who danced at the great Ball; the sons of the Empire have returned to their distant homes; the mighty Armada at Spithead has faded into the misty seas, the ships are dispersed; when next they assemble many will have been relegated to the scrap-heap, and those which are now most admired will be hardly noticed alongside the greatness of their successors. Such is the mutability of earthly things. Is there nothing left except a memory of all we have witnessed during the past week? Yes, three things remain. There is the humble cottage at Stratford-on-Avon; there is the crown of an anointed King; there is the cockpit of the *Victory*.

PREMIUMS WITHOUT INSURANCE

By SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

In the Chancellor of the Exchequer's National Insurance Bill is included a class called "Post Office Contributors." The inclusion seems to have been made in a spirit of irony. It was necessary that the insurance scheme should justify its claim to be called "national," and for this reason numbers of people were brought within its scope who are not in any true sense of the word "insured" by its provisions. They are, as a fact, mulcted and misused. Mr. Lloyd George, in introducing his Bill into the House of Commons, frankly described them as "uninsurable."

In the official "Memorandum Explanatory of the Bill," issued by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the class of Post Office Contributors is thus described:—"Persons liable to the compulsory deduction from wages who fail to join a society or who are rejected or expelled by a society and who cannot get another society to take them will be dealt with through the Post Office." Among those who "fail to join a society"—that is, a Friendly Society which has the status of an "approved society" under the proposed Act—will be a number of domestic servants, who would be actuarially "good lives," but it is likely that as time passes and organisation is perfected and becomes better understood an increasing proportion of these young women will be impelled by the inducements offered under the Government's scheme to join Benefit Societies or the Trade Union for domestic servants which is already in existence, if that Union forms a benefit fund. In any case a great mass of the Post Office Contributors will be the people "whom nobody wants."

How are these uninsurable people to be treated? The official memorandum quoted above explains the method which will be applied to them:—

A membership book, upon which credit will be given for contributions, will be issued . . . to persons joining the Post Office Insurance, and the contributions will be charged annually with seven-ninths for men and three-quarters for women of the calculated cost for management, medical attendance, and sanatorium. A waiting period of fifty-two payments will be required before any contribution can be withdrawn, but the member will be entitled after six months to medical attendance. If, after the waiting period has expired, a member falls ill, he (or she) will be entitled to withdraw his (or her) contributions, including the employer's share, with the addition of two-ninths (or one quarter) from the State's

contribution, at the rate of 10s., 7s. 6d., or 5s., &c., a week, as the case may be. After the expiration of three years, if the funds admit, a further addition from lapsed and forfeited contributions will be made to the amounts withdrawable by members in sickness. Lapses or forfeits will occur by the member dying.

Can this be called insurance in a genuine sense? What, in fact, do the provisions effect?

There is to be a compulsory deduction from the insured person's earnings. Considering the class to which this portion of the scheme applies, it is practically certain that the "Post Office Contributors" will be unable to maintain any other insurance. They are therefore excluded from death benefits, which are precisely the advantages to which the working-class, with good reason, attach the most importance. The Government scheme will actually operate to prevent these contributors from making the only provision which is possible in their case for widows and children left fatherless. This is a monstrous blemish in the plan. The money which they might have paid to secure some safeguard for their wives and offspring at the time of greatest need will be swept into the Post Office fund, and on the contributor's death it will be confiscated by the State! I am tempted to call such a proposal one for defrauding the poorest of the poor. What company working for profit would have the effrontery to offer such terms to those from whom it sought to obtain premiums? And yet in connection with this plan Mr. Lloyd George represents the State as acting in the truly paternal spirit. He depicts himself as hurrying to succour the wounded, to drive the wolf from the door, and so forth. I have not the least doubt that he is the victim of his own optimism, that his sympathetic imagination supplies the *couleur de rose* with which his scheme appears suffused when he contemplates it. If he could see it in the "dry light" of unemotional criticism, he could hardly dedicate his platform panegyrics to it. The class which the Friendly Societies reject is to be compelled to insure on these unfavourable terms. In this respect they lose their freedom during life as completely as the less lucky among them will lose the premiums they can so ill afford at death. If this is a foretaste of the blessings of State management for all in all things, the most necessitous section of the community may well pray to be delivered from its Socialist friends.

The temptation to feign sickness and to malinger as often and as long as possible, to which the Post Office Contributors would be subjected under the Government's scheme, is as great as it is obvious. If a man is to receive any return for the deductions taken, whether he likes it or not, from his earnings, he must "make hay while the sun shines"—which in this connection means that he must secure his benefits by appearing on the sick-list before death ends his chances of recouping himself. Otherwise he and his employer will simply be supplying forced charity for others irrespective of the deserts of the beneficiaries. The very fact that a man preserves good health will be a serious disadvantage to him.

One has to consider the special circumstances of the class for which the Post Office fund will be raised. Mr. Lloyd George, in introducing the National Insurance Bill into the House of Commons, disclosed his ideas on this subject in the following terms:—

Most of the people who remain outside (i.e., outside the Friendly Societies) will be uninsurable lives, men who would be rejected by all sorts of Societies because really they are ill at the time, or display symptoms of illness. Or they may be drunkards. Those are the sort of reasons for which a Society now excludes men. That must necessarily make it impossible for us to pay the same benefits to the Post Office Contributors as would be paid to men who are in the Friendly Societies.

If they are "uninsurable lives," why pretend to insure them?

It appears to me that the plight of persons who are ineligible for Friendly Societies because they are ailing will be wholly deplorable under the Government's scheme. The chances of obtaining or retaining work which people in bad health have are few, and, owing to their physical inefficiency, the rate of their remuneration is usually low. A weekly deduction will force be made from such wages as they can get. It is a deduction which in these cases will amount to hardship. Six months must elapse before a Post Office Contributor can obtain the medical attendance which is part of his "insurance benefit." Where is he to turn in the meanwhile? Either he must pay a doctor's charges out of his earnings, or he must seek Poor-law relief. Surely it would be better for him that he should adopt one of these alternatives with such wages as he can secure intact. I fully recognise the great value of medical aid, and the still greater value of sanatorium treatment to the class to which the scheme of Post Office insurance is to supply, but my contention is that the bulk of this class never will or can receive those benefits on a genuine insurance basis. The relief they require will always be disproportionate to any contribution they can make in the form of premiums. They are, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer said, "uninsurable." It is better to acknowledge this fact, and not to elaborate a plan which professes to do what admittedly it cannot really do. Moreover, it appears likely that the most hapless of the contributors whose case we are considering will pay premiums for some weeks or months, and fall finally within the scope of the Poor-law before they have reached the time when they can claim any benefit for the pence levied on their weekly earnings. Mr. Lloyd George, in the speech by which he introduced his Bill into Parliament, pointed out that to the workman sixpence in "time of sickness is worth more than two-and-sixpence when a man is in full wage." And to the Post Office Contributor in ill-health the premium by which his wages will be lessened is by no means a trifle to be disregarded.

The payments which these contributors are to receive in the form of sick-benefit appear to me to be illusory if they are to be regarded as "insurance." No such payment will be made until fifty-two premiums have been collected to the contributor's credit. Then the position of these people will be as follows, according to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's explanation in the speech already quoted:—

They have paid their own contribution and there is the contribution from the State and the contribution of the employers. You will make a deduction for medical relief and for sanatoria and you will distribute the balance on purely deposit principles. There are Societies in this country which do this thing now. It is really a kind of banking transaction. You pay an amount in and you draw to the extent you pay in—with this condition in these cases, that you will get a number of lives that will drop and still a balance who will not withdraw the whole of their deposits. I propose that that should go to swell the fund. Therefore, those inside the Post Office Society will be able to draw to that extent upon the fund, and will get that additional advantage. It is quite clear there is no inducement to join the Post Office contribution and we do not want that there should be.

Making allowance for the kind of bonus that will be derived from the "lives that will drop," and from the contributors who will leave a balance in the Post Office, and for the State's and employers' subventions, it is clear that the sick-pay available for such a class as Mr. Lloyd George described will be utterly inadequate to meet their needs. It will be exhausted long before it can prove itself really beneficial, and then will come another hiatus while a small

credit is again slowly accumulated to be dissipated as rapidly—unless the life "drops" in the meanwhile.

It must be remembered that in the poverty-stricken families which will be brought within the Post Office scheme the wife often works for a wage if she can find employment, and the "mothering" is done by little girls who can hardly carry the weight of the babies to which they minister. In such cases the wife, too, will be paying an insurance premium. There will therefore be a double deduction from the week's income. Can such earnings bear the strain, slight as it may seem to some of my readers? Can the scheme which Parliament is now asked to force upon a sorely-pressed class be truly called a sound and beneficial scheme?

I pass to consider the case of another section of Post Office Contributors, those that will mainly constitute the "balance who will not withdraw the whole of their deposits." It seems probable that, during the early period of the operation of the scheme at all events, a large number of domestic servants will pay premiums to the Post Office fund. These will be for the most part healthy young women who will augment the fund for a varying number of years before marriage, seldom burdening it with a charge either for medical attendance or sick benefit. When they marry they will pass out of the scope of the scheme, and will derive no advantage whatever from the premiums they have paid, except in the small proportion of cases in which they continue to work for wages after marriage. This is wholly unfair, and I must repeat that if it can be called insurance at all it is fraudulent insurance. Domestic servants often contribute from their wages to the scanty resources of their parents, helping to support the old people or to provide for the children who are growing up, and such aid is especially valuable to widowed mothers. If a servant joins an "approved society" the maintenance of her insurance will be left wholly to her own endeavours after marriage, and she will receive no State benefit in respect of the premiums she has paid. It is grossly unfair to enforce a compulsory deduction from the wages of this class for the purpose of an insurance from which seven out of ten of those brought into the scheme will receive no benefit.

It is true that certain advantages are offered as a make-weight for the extensive forfeiture of premiums which is contemplated. If a woman who has been insured as a servant loses her husband and returns to employment, she will, as Mr. Lloyd George explains, "be entitled at once to rejoin the insurance." Moreover, "arrears accruing during marriage will be wiped out on widowhood, and if an insured woman is left an invalid at her husband's death, she at once gets the benefit of her own insurance." But these advantages are more specious than solid. Many married women will die without having either become widows or returned to employment; another large class will reach the age of seventy without having obtained any return for the premiums paid for State Insurance in their youth, and will then receive the Old-age Pension to which they would be entitled if they had paid no premium at all; there will be widows who will remarry without benefiting by the Insurance scheme, though they will have contributed to the fund which it distributes; and many widows who have been servants will strive to support their children by acting as charwomen, doing laundry-work in their homes, and the like. But the State Insurance scheme does not apply to "casual domestic employment," nor to "such persons as washerwomen, sempresses, &c., executing small orders on their own account." Therefore a widow will not be held to have "gone into employment" for the purposes of the proposed Act if she attempts to gain her livelihood by such means. The number of women who, having been compulsorily insured before marriage, will be "left invalid" at the death of their

husbands will be small, and in consequence the benefit offered to domestic servants in return for the payments exacted from them will, in general, never accrue to them.

Various suggestions have been made for the redress of this grievance. It has been proposed that servants should, on marriage, receive a dowry in proportion to the amount they have paid for State Insurance, and I have been informed by an able actuary who supports this scheme that it can be soundly financed. Another proposal, as your readers are aware, is that servants, when they marry, should be permitted to remain within the Government scheme as voluntary contributors. These are matters for careful consideration, and the whole plan of insurance for Post Office Contributors ought to be thoroughly examined and closely criticised in Committee in the House of Commons. The object of this article is to show that the scheme at present put forward by the Government is ill-considered and unjust, and ought not to be allowed to come into operation.

THE JAPANESE GOVERNMENT AND THE NEW LITERATURE

INDIVIDUALISM was brought into Japan, in truth, at the same time with the Western Constitution and freedom. It is the work of superficial observers to see only the uniform of Japan's patriotism in the Russia-Japan War; it is quite right to say that it only overshadowed, with its astonishing glitter of ancient sword, the elements of Western individualism which at the time of that war had begun to make their existence clear. The new Japanese even attempted to qualify the meaning of patriotism from another standpoint. Ketoku, who was hanged recently as the leader of the now famous treason case, and many others raised the anti-war cry; we have many an unpublished story of deserters who were at once court-martialled. Some critics even deny the Japanese bravery which the Western mind associates with the war. (It would surprise the Western readers if we told our own story, to be sure.)

Was it strange that, while we cursed Russia and even called her barbarous and acted as if we were ourselves the "defenders of civilisation," we, at least the intellectual Japanese, on the other hand, burned incense right before Turgeneff, Tolstoy, and even Gorky? It was the time when we smuggled in Western individualism while singing aloud the most patriotic song ever there was. The war lessened the distance between Japan and Europe a hundred-fold. The Western civilisation which we had only understood through the eyes of Oriental idealism became suddenly real, more from its own faults, without the perception of which the interesting part of Western civilisation would never be understood. And those faults appeared beautiful, even grand, when the war made us see life naked, and its brutal exposure of reality broke down our old idealism. Politically Socialism took root; in literature the so-called naturalism, of course with Japanese modifications, grew imminent, driving out the old literature which always hid from us the real meaning of life under polite phraseology. The Japanese writers, I may say nearly all of them, went to Ibsen and Maupassant to make a student's obeisance.

Since the war, particularly in the last three years, the Japanese Government has had two objects—namely, to stamp out Socialism and "naturalism," which, both of them, insist on perfect individualism. It seems to me that she used every possible power of the police and Press law toward her end; many writers were supposed, in fact, to

be as dangerous morally and socially as anarchists. The Government set the police on them. The writers seemed rather pleased, since they could turn out more stories at her expense; "Kiken Jinbutsu," or the Dangerous Man, by Hakudo Masamine, is the story of how the author was followed secretly or openly by detectives on his way home. It is almost impossible to believe how many stories, magazines, and books have been suppressed by law in the last year; we can count more than sixty cases. Is there any other country among the countries called civilised where you see such an astonishing phenomenon as that? The question is: "Will the Government be able to stamp out the bad literature" as she wishes? And another question is: What is that "bad literature"? I can say that the so-called bad literature will gain more strength as the reaction to the Government's act; it is true that when it is known that a certain story or book has been suppressed that story or book always grows more known in a mysterious way. And where is that "bad literature"? Although it may not conform to the Government's idea of patriotism and national morality, it is certainly not worse than any European literature. If Bernard Shaw were in Japan, he would have endless trouble with the Japanese Government; I see quite a number of European writers who would hardly escape from her punishment.

The Rindo Kwai, a literary club, was obliged to stop its regular meeting, as the members could not talk freely, and felt uncomfortable with the police in the next room on every occasion. There is a little literary society, mainly of young writers and artists, called the Bread Club. It had a dinner-party the other evening, when one young artist who was about starting to Europe for his art-study made a speech saying that he was going to a big, big world like the sea; while another young man who was called to be a soldier said, on the contrary, that he was going to a narrow, narrow place like a hole. As they were playful, jolly young people, one of the artists painted the edge of the *menu* black on the spot, meaning, as I fancy, to make it appear as a death-report of that young writer who was going to "a narrow, narrow place like a hole." Now such a harmless fun-making was reported by the police to the effect that the Socialist writers cursed the soldiers, and sent their colleague to the Army with a funeral song. As a consequence, many of them were duly examined by the authorities.

If there is a most unkind country for writers and literature, that is Japan—at least present Japan. As I do not believe in the existence of the undangerous man, I am also a sceptic about the dangerous man. I, on the same ground do not know any good literature in the most puritanic sense. And what does the Government want by the "good literature"?

It is an open secret that the Government has been trying for some time to revive, but with no success, the old Chinese classics and the ancient ethics of filial piety. Many a book has been published under her auspices to bring the old thoughts and wisdom again to life. While I admit that such an attempt may not be bad, though not wise, I cannot help insisting that the new age should have the new literature. I see no time when the Government, and the literary mind in general, are so estranged as in the present day; they are fighting with their footholds at opposite extremes. The Government who represents the new age must have a sympathy with the new literature. It seems to me almost incredible that the Japanese Government, who recognises and encourages the material Westernisation, is so despotic against the new thoughts. The time is changing, but I am not ready to prophesy what the result will be for the Government who does not realise the Time's change, and even flatly denies its existence.

YONE NOGUCHI.

REVIEWS

VERSE—AND POETRY

Bell and Wing. By FREDERICK FANNING AYER. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

Cornwall: a Poem. By P. J. KISLINGBURY. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Ltd., Bristol.)

Ephemerides. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 2s. 6d. net.)

TWELVE hundred and sixty-one pages of rhyme, and no preface or "Author's Foreword" to tell the astonished reader why Mr. Ayer did it! Surely he should have explained, or apologised, or given the secret personal history of the years during which he penned this riot of verse? We say advisedly "years," for unless he wrote continuously, with very limited intervals for rest and refreshment, the labour could not have reached its culmination in a period of mere weeks or months. At present it is the reader who needs the intervals for rest. No normal human reviewer could read this three-inch-thick volume straight through, and we will not pretend to such an achievement; but from the many specimens of Mr. Ayer's art which we have selected here and there we gather one remarkable impression—that he is steeped in the mannerism and method of Robert Browning. Take this opening stanza of a poem entitled "Confidentially":—

I loved her—I don't mind telling you—
You know her eyes were open blue
And trustful to pleasurable true
Looking into the soul of you—
Her hand like the wing of a swallow
To beckon, and oh how a man would follow!
Her heart, never a word to speak,
Writing all thought out at the cheek—
One look and you knew she never knew
Her gentle power over you—
And so I loved her!

Or take a verse from the poem beginning with the extraordinary line, "Now goes my scrub-man scrubbing":—

Or they stick like a gang of plasters *
To rule you, become your masters—
Look at you now there trying to please:
One spot has brought you to your knees,
Hangs you on hinges like a gate,
Puts you swinging early to late,
Gives you your crooked crab-ankle gait!

"At the foot of your rotten-runged, rat-riddled stairs," growled Browning. "Hello, sacristan—show us a light there"—a light to illuminate Mr. Ayer's obscurity, and to show him that rhymed colloquialism is not poetry, that rumbling and creaking and bumping rhythms do not convey any particularly enviable distinction, and that the torture of words is not necessarily conducive to good literary art. In a string of rhymes apparently directed against vivisectionists we have the strangest conglomeration imaginable:—

Keep a hand at it to putter
To fish moons out of a gutter—
Nose at an atom to see
If the thing be not
Just the thing you thought,
A twist of pulp and alchemy. . . .
Rip up the diaphragm of a miller
You blood and Beauty spiller,
Have a care to fork his nose,
Play microscopy at his toes
To see how spirit balks and goes—

Spit his ribs, tap his back
To get a hand in at the knack
Of finding out what God may lack—
For me, give me his wing
Of London-smoke-red frescoing
To fly to show his opal ring.

We see the idea. "Inquire not too closely, O man, whence cometh the soul, nor expect by thy seeking to discover the breath of life; strive rather after Beauty"—so we might paraphrase Mr. Ayer's lines. But why sever beauty so decisively from those lines? Mr. Ayer is illogical.

Occasionally, in turning his pages, we come across a few lines of lyrical virtue, as in the poem "Viewfully":—

But hark, there's a voice in air,
One music-voice, like a morning wind
Which never was lowered or thinned
A child's voice, the silver sound was there,
All heart-leap and not a care!

And a pretty little jingle entitled "Love" has quite a Meredithian opening:—

Such a sprite is love,
Takes to lips at first;
Mouth is good enough,
Meant for quenching thirst.

But we must quote no more from the huge and weighty volume of Mr. Ayer's fantasies. It is absorbing, astounding, inspiring, baffling; but, above all, it is Browning.

Of Mr. Kislingbury's "Cornwall" we hardly know what to say. It consists of 1,150 lines, every one beginning with the word "Land." What has our beloved delectable Duchy done to be thus unhappily eulogised? Perhaps we had better give a few sample lines, and restrain ourselves as well as may be:—

Land where many parts are as in ages long flown,
Land where pre-historic remains are its own:
Land where their great age can ne'er be assigned,
Land date antiquaries are baffled to find. . . .
Land time past sheep pastured and roam'd round the church walls,
Land where a storm raged, and great hurricane blew;
Land where this occurred in sixteen ninety-seven,
Land whence came the sand and hid church grass from view. . . .

The concluding lines are:—

Land where they study points and records of history,
Land which they soon love and never wish go away.

If the author would "study points and records" of poetry, and leave Cornwall alone for a while, he might in time produce a poem worthy of the county. As it is, we tremble for what may happen if Mr. Kislingbury brims over into Devon.

The poems published anonymously under the title of "Ephemerides" might be characterised as a kind of musical philosophy, sometimes lyrical, sometimes cast in stanzas which remind us very much of Omar Khayyam—especially as the author makes very free with capital letters. On page 37 we find a very fair example:—

So fares he forth, unarmoured to the Fray
Which is our Destiny; Pain and Dismay
His Squires, and his Lance,—a broken Reed!
Ah! Must he fail? or vanquish? Who will say?

And on page 7, in different rhythm, we have something very akin to Omar's genial theories of life:—

So that my Love may constant be,
And Bacchus keep my Cask o'erflowing,
No further Blessing ask for me,
Since I have won all worth the knowing!

The chief faults in the work are a too frequent use of the note of admiration, which gives a jerky appearance to the pages and a jolt to the poems when read aloud, and an unnecessary insistence upon the capital letter. The following charming little song would gain, rather than lose, if written in the usual way:—

Still though the sweetest Mask may hide
The Truth—that Folly dwells inside
That little Head, Ah! Woe betide
The Wretch who seeks you for his bride!
He'd better drown!

Wiser is he who chooseth Wit
To light his House and govern it;
Nor need he, should the Graces sit
Around the Altar he hath lit

Fear Fortune's Frown.

Sound philosophy and prettily expressed; and there are many more poems in the volume which would bear quotation had we space to spare, the best of them all in serious vein being a fine conception entitled "Quicunque Vult."

THE PARADOX OF COLUMBUS

Histoire Critique de la Grande Entreprise de Christophe Colomb. Études sur la Vie de Colomb. By HENRY VIGNAUD. Two Vols. (H. Welter, Paris. 30f.)

AT Saint Dié, under the Vosges, they are celebrating on an unusual scale the birthday, or rather the christening, of the Continent of America, thus recalling to us perhaps the most extraordinary of all the paradoxes connected with the Great Discovery. How and why Columbus discovered the New World are enormous and intricate questions, witness the present bulky volumes; but the fact that he was the real and essential discoverer does not admit of dispute, unless on a quibble. And yet it is Amerigo Vespucci who is godfather to the Continent.

Columbus is fortunate in having left his actual feat out of the reach of discussion: more fortunate than Shakespeare—or Bacon—in this respect. The fierce light of criticism has beaten for centuries around every circumstance in his career, and the hidden places in his essentially simple character have been explored. This latter operation has had a particular importance owing to a movement that was going on during a great part of the nineteenth century for the canonisation of the discoverer; but it has also a very direct bearing on the discovery itself, for Columbus is one of the most important witnesses in his own suit, and a great step would have been gained if his testimony could be proved to be trustworthy. This does not, unfortunately, appear to be the case, and we have the spectacle of a band of scientists, devotees of truth, gathered round the shrine of one whom many of them regard as a paragon of deceit. It is curious sometimes to follow their change of face, when, after denouncing the discoverer's mendacity in making an assertion that fits ill with their theory, they suddenly take up arms for his veracity in a case where it will advance their argument.

M. Vignaud, being—a good half of him, at any rate—a Frenchman, does not wander into moral digressions when engaged in the path of scientific investigation. The chief function of history is, in his view, as in that of other modern historians, the burial of legends. It is with a philosopher's sorrow that he regards the story of Queen Isabella pawning her jewels to advance the preparations for Columbus' expedition: "the improbability of a fact is no bar to its being believed, and the spectacle

of a queen sacrificing her jewels in order to forward a great enterprise provides so excellent an example that all the denials of criticism have failed to blot it out from the pages of history, where it will probably figure till the end of time. The Spanish people believe the story . . . that is enough!" With regard to Columbus' veracity M. Vignaud takes up a sound and reasonable position, believing him where it was to his interest to tell the truth, and allowing often for a strong meridional imagination, capable of deceiving itself. This method is, however, sometimes difficult of application, as it is by no means always easy to see where Columbus' interests lay.

The present volumes are only an instalment, though a large one, of an exhaustive discussion of the whole Columbian legend. An earlier volume, forming a definite part of the "Études Critiques," has dealt with the birth and youth of Columbus. The author has also written a whole legion of smaller books on the Toscanelli controversy, and other incidental questions. The name of Toscanelli seems to focus the whole matter. Without Toscanelli's map and information we are told that the *Santa Maria* would never have left her moorings at Palos, Ferdinand and Isabella would never have been convinced, and America would have been left to some one else to discover. This theory leaves Columbus little but good fortune and that dogged determination which is his residual virtue, when all the critics have done with him. Curiously enough this same theory, which is, by the way, that which Columbus' champions and the executors of his glory first launched, postulates that the great discovery was a pure accident, occurring in the course of an attempt to find, on pseudo-scientific data supplied by Toscanelli, a passage to Asia by the west. India and China were then the mark, and the expedition blundered by preterhuman luck, before it had gone too far to get back, into the West Indies.

M. Vignaud lives to refute this story, and we must confess to a very lively sympathy with his point of view. Apart from the mere thirst for truth (a drouthy sensation at best), there is a satisfaction in finding that one of the greatest achievements of mortal man was not the result of blind chance; the author of the book has felt it, and has exhaled his sincere gratification in one unchastened page—out of about fourteen hundred. M. Vignaud has a formidable band of authorities against him, but he sustains his cause with such clear and consistent logic, and such an army of documents, that he leaves us with an impression that is almost a conviction that he will be allowed to remain finally master of the field. The theory that emerges from these investigations is, to summarise it in the words of our author, that Columbus "a découvert l'Amérique parce qu'il l'avait cherchée"; further that Columbus discovered America because he knew it was there, because he had the most positive information—because, in fact, some one had been there before him. This conclusion presents difficulties of various kinds; to begin with, it is in violent contradiction to Columbus' own statements with regard to the nature of his undertaking. But these statements were mostly made after his return, apart from certain passages in the diary of the first voyage, which M. Vignaud sees reason to attribute to subsequent interpolation. The discoverer came gradually to believe, and it is here that the meridional imagination comes in, that he had not only set out with the intention of discovering the western route to Asia, but that he had actually discovered it. On his second voyage he identified the island of Cuba with a promontory of Asia, and even dictated a form of oath to his crew by which they confirmed this conclusion. A difficulty of another order that arises from this view of the case—that Columbus knew where he was going—is that it implies a partition of the glory of the discovery. There is, first, the nebulous pilot who had seen the West Indies some years before the famous voyage;

of him nothing definite is known, but his existence seems sufficiently attested, and is even accepted by the devoted biographer of Columbus, Las Casas. At all events, he is a necessary hypothesis in M. Vignaud's very sane theory. And besides this pilot there is Pinzon, Columbus' lieutenant and almost colleague, who had joined forces with him in order to discover the mythical island of Cypangu. Without him the expedition would probably never have sailed, and without him it would almost certainly have returned without accomplishing anything, except, perhaps, the murder of the discoverer. Pinzon's name would probably have been associated with his colleague in the discovery of the New World if he had not died before the matter had begun to be investigated.

One fact very difficult to get over, and almost calculated of itself to dispose of the route-to-Asia theory, is that no mention is made of this route in any of the official documents in which the terms of the enterprise were formulated between the Spanish Sovereigns and Columbus. And after the return of the first expedition the position is the same; the term "the Indies" is indeed used, but in the loose sense that has remained. The route to Asia was not taken seriously till many years later, when the discovery of Toscanelli's letters put the question in a different light. The authenticity of these letters is the crux of the whole matter. For M. Vignaud they are one of the big forgeries of history; the evidence he adduces, both internal and external, is of the most varied and interesting nature. The only circumstance that might suggest the suspicion of a weak spot in his armour is his constant return to the Toscanelli theme on all occasions. He seems almost to protest too much.

The most generally interesting portion of M. Vignaud's work is that in which, after a few words of apology for his lapse into constructiveness, he sets to work to rebuild the collapsed edifice of the Columbian legend, with Toscanelli in his right place. The forgery being established, we are faced with the Ciceronian query, *Cui bono?* The answer we are given is that some one of Columbus' immediate circle perpetrated the deed in order to counteract the unknown pilot and his West Indian information, which might weigh on the discoverer's reputation. An enterprise undertaken on data supplied by a recognised savant would do no greater harm to his originality, and would put the whole undertaking on a higher plane. It is true that the forgers must have been a little blind to Columbus' real interests, for Toscanelli's letters, based apparently on documents left by the discoverer, indicate a plan identical with that which was actually followed. M. Vignaud shows us very clearly what were the true sources of Columbus' theory, formed, as he believes, after his return from the great expedition. Chief among them is the "Imago Mundi," a geographical compilation of Cardinal d'Ailly, where it is laid down that the unknown tract separating Western Europe from Asia was of comparatively small extent and could be traversed in a few days.

The business of legend-destroying is pursued with relentless severity throughout these volumes. A fine crop of them had been rooted up in the previous studies: here the work is continued on an even larger scale. The picturesque and the edifying are thrown on the dustheap of history. The noble beggar at the convent-door, the helpful, warm-hearted monk, the impulsive Queen, and the inspired, simple mariner beating down with his eloquence the barriers of learned prejudice in the University of Salamanca—these are some of the figures that are made to fade before our eyes. Perhaps the kindly monk may remain, but he is in danger of losing his identity and his virtues through being divided into two persons. Columbus suffers in his good name and in his reputation as a navigator. Morally and intellectually he is stripped almost bare, save for the stout covering of his heroic courage and for the invisible garment of a faith that

could move mountains. And so we may leave Columbus, as his biographer leaves him at the last, in the niche "belonging to him in the Pantheon of great men to whom humanity raises statues."

WORDSWORTHSHIRE

Wordsworthshire: an Introduction to a Poet's Country. By ERIC ROBERTSON, M.A. Illustrated with Forty-seven Drawings by ARTHUR TUCKER, R.B.A.; and Maps. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)

It was an admirable idea to choose for the title of this book the name given by Lowell to the whole region that is inevitably associated with Wordsworth's poetry. It is strange that although Wordsworth's poetry has least to do with the things and business of this earth, it is nevertheless definitely linked up with the locality of the Lake District. It is a time-honoured gibe that he was very fitly called a Lake poet, seeing that poetry was so watery. But as a point of fact the most perplexing and the least understood quality of his poetry is just this extraordinary blend of the local and simple with the translunar and eternal. For example, when he speaks of the man to whom—

A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him
And it was nothing more

it lends itself to burlesque, it asks for parody; but when the points are shifted a little the whole force of the lines is startling. For what is a primrose more than a primrose? Vision upon vision swims in through the thought thus awakened. It is a striking indication of his mind that it did not need the pomp of archangels, but the "simplest flower" to transport him into regions that make the thought reel merely to conceive. It is the same with the body of his work. In a sense Wordsworth is the least national of poets. In another sense he is the most national. We cannot conceive him as other than an Englishman, or elsewhere than in the Lake District with its still waters and mist-crowned hills; and yet we cannot imagine him belonging to any nation or as being confined to any locality.

The fact seems to be that it was from the region lying about Westmoreland and Cumberland that he found he could best leap into eternity. There are those who said that the reason that the Cumberland hills attracted him more than did the Alps was because they were more intimate; that the Alps were more remote. There is something of truth in this; but in the main it strangely misconceives the poet. The Alps are not merely remote, they are cold and forbidding. Moreover, though they are loftier they do not seem to lead so high as a mist-crowned green hill. Their very loftiness is cold and earthly, like logic and learning. The Cumberland hills, on the other hand, are warm and mysterious, like poetry and music. The one, by very height, drove him back to the shallowness of earth; while the other led him forward and upward, giving him glimpses of eternity. It is part of this paradox that the country of his passion unfolds. Even as it led him forward, his poetry voiced its message earthward. It might, perhaps, be said of his work that, were we all country dwellers, it would cease to appeal to us. We might, indeed, be less stirred by his mere mention of streams, dells, and hills; but that does not mean that we should be less moved to wonder and rapture by his interpretation of those mystic runes of God. We should, perhaps, prattle less of his familiarity with

Nature if that familiarity were our own; but we should begin to think more of his familiarity with Eternity. And that would be a very admirable thing.

In the meantime, rightly, or, at any rate, fully, to understand Wordsworth it is necessary to envisage him in the country of his passion—in Wordsworthshire, that is to say. Now any such study must necessarily preoccupy itself with the youth of the poet. This is a thing that accords well with Wordsworth's own philosophy, as readers and lovers of the immortal "Ode to Immortality" scarcely require to be told. Heaven lies about us in our youth; yet it is not unlikely that the symbols that it is expressed in may not have a sufficient appeal. Or, to put it in other words, our environment may not speak to us as it should; we may be attuned to the soul of Wordsworth, and may yet be born in the slums of London. It was Wordsworth's richest gift that he should have been born in a region that spake trumpet-tongued to his soul.

How and where it spoke it is the business of this book to show. It is a kind of a topographical guide to the "Prelude;" though, of course, it deals with more country than lies within the scope of that poem. The whole of the earlier poems, and a goodly portion of the later poems, are laid under contribution to furnish the links that Mr. Robertson has given between the inspiration and the seat of the inspiration. We can give no higher tribute to the book than to say that, read with M. Emile Legouis' illuminating and exhaustive study, "La Jeunesse de William Wordsworth," the whole indebtedness of the poet to the country is laid bare. The marvel and the wonder of it all remain. We are not enabled to see

The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream.

But it is something to us that we may see exactly from whence that light shone into the poet's soul. The two books make an inevitable companionship, and more than well repay reading together. Chapter v., for instance, in Legouis' book deals with Wordsworth's early poems, and those who have read his pages will not easily forget the extraordinary analysis he gives of Wordsworth's literary indebtedness. There is no one similar chapter in Mr. Robertson's book that traces his topographical indebtedness, because it is all occupied with that end. Taken between them, they are a wonderful unfolding of the process by which the poet caught his song. Each book traces the course of the inspiration: one following it through the course of his life on the side of active influence, the other following it on the side of passive, and often sub-conscious, influence.

There is one feature in this book that will strike all readers. It is too much to say of Dorothy Wordsworth, as Mr. Robertson says: "Dorothy was a poet. In a measure, William, her brother, is her poetry." It would be as accurate to say that when at Nether Stowey Wordsworth was but the mouthpiece of Coleridge. In one case as in the other it is always possible to detect the difference between what Wordsworth derived and what he expressed. Nevertheless, none who has read Dorothy Wordsworth's "Journals" and compared them carefully with her brother's poetry could have failed to have felt over and over again that he was listening to one voice behind the two. In fact, that is the more accurate statement of the matter; the voice behind them was one; but it uttered itself quite separately through them. In her it was sometimes pedantic, always gentle, not always without self-consciousness. In him it was direct, masculine, turbulent, and sonorous.

Still, there was that unity between them; and Mr. Robertson judged wisely in linking their story as one. Unfortunately, his style is not a very attractive one, and it is confused by awkward pedantries. Despite this his tale

will not be denied; and we are enabled to follow Wordsworth from Cockermouth, through Penrith and Hawks-mouth to Cambridge, and so back again to the hills and dales that had bred and inspired him. Alfoxden and Nether Stowey, not belonging to Wordsworthshire in the strict sense of the word, are not dealt with. Naturally we look to Mr. Robertson to upset some of the accepted scenes of some of the poems; and we are not disappointed. The definite locality of a poem's reference matters less with Wordsworth than with any other poet. It was his customary method not to work with his scene before him (and what true poet can?); thus his scenes, even when their references are most precise, being passed through the movements of his imagination, become transmuted out of all recognition. He has himself declared with what aversion he regarded the pictorial process, such as, for instance, Scott employed. Still, for those whom this kind of study interests, Mr. Robertson, with the help of Mr. Gordon Wordsworth, the poet's grandson, will be found to have upset several of Mr. Knight's identifications in favour of his own. Of far more moment are his remarks on Penrith Beacon. Wordsworth's aversion to all themes of strife and bloodshed will be familiar to any attentive reader. But when Mr. Robertson shows us, as he does well and ably, that not only did Wordsworth avoid all reference to the history of that Beacon, but inevitably linked it up with lessons of unhappy strife and unnatural oppression, the interest is quickened. For the outstanding event concerning that Beacon was one of murder, robbery, and hanging. The difference between Wordsworth's temper of mind and Scott's can be realised when one thinks what the great novelist would have made of the history of the scene.

The illustrations by Mr. Tucker are beyond all praise. When occupied with mere buildings they are sometimes not quite happy; but in the portrayal of hill, vale, and distance he catches atmospheric effects as one would not imagine they could have been caught by the touch of pencil on paper. They are in themselves worth the price of the book.

SOME LANDS OF CHAOS

Central America and its Problems. By FREDERICK PALMER.
(T. Werner Laurie. 10s. 6d. net.)

To those unacquainted with Central American ethics the perusal of Mr. Palmer's book will undoubtedly cause a certain mental shock. The author, an American with an observant eye and a delightfully frank pen, undertook a journey through the nest of small Republics that link the Northern Continent to the Southern. The result is a collection of quite remarkable material that deserves notice at no inconsiderable length. Indeed, it is worth while to follow him as closely as we are able in his eventful journey, and to glean all we can from the comments that are eloquent of a grim sense of humour and a pleasantly open mind.

Ere he enters into the area of the minor Republics Mr. Palmer has a good deal to say concerning Mexico. His remarks here are as shrewd and caustic as they continue throughout the book. Thus, while he gives General Diaz the full credit that is his due for the introduction of foreign industrial enterprise, the motives and deeds of the aged Dictator are submitted to a cool and merciless analysis at his hands. Here are some of his comments on the man of the hour:—

He made peace ruthlessly; he welcomed capital generously. To clear the country of brigands he set a brigand to catch a brigand. . . . Such is his power that a score of mal-

contents may be executed in a lot without anybody except the neighbours being the wiser.

One of the narratives concerning Diaz is to the effect that:—

On one occasion when he was asked by wire what disposition to make of a certain revolutionist who had been captured, his prompt, unexpurgated answer, I am told, was: "Kill him while we have him in hand." And perhaps an hour later he was at a reception to receive a bouquet from a party of schoolchildren. Yes, he is a self-made ruler of a mediæval and Oriental type in the days of railroads, telegraphs, and electric cars, who rides in a French automobile and organises irrigation projects and bids the foreigner turn the waterfalls into light for his palace.

There is probably no truer word-portrait in existence of the Mexican autocrat than that summed up in these few sentences. Here we have the tragedy of good intentions—achieved at an infernal and savage cost!

In Guatemala, the next country to be visited, Mr. Palmer was received with all courtesy and honour by the President himself. He was officially shown the sights of the capital, and under the same auspices was given a certain insight into the civil and military administration of the Republic. It was only during the course of his subsequent travels, when he was enabled to question the more disinterested populace, that he elicited the details of the true character and career of his late genial host. Such was the reign of terror that the people only dared speak of it with bated breath. A mere suspicion of discontent sufficed for the perpetration of what appeared to the locality as everyday and commonplace atrocities, such as executions, torture, and deaths from flogging. The mildest criticism involved gaol:—

It is the business of all editors to print frequent long disquisitions on the glorious career of his Excellency, the most Illustrious. All foreign news dispatches are blue-pencilled by Cabrera in person before they are published. The public may read nothing whatsoever not to his taste.

Yet this impoverished, terrorised, and decadent country is in itself not only lovely, but filled to the brim with natural resources: "It is a country of the gods, fit home for the aboriginal civilisation of a continent."

Leaving Guatemala with remarkably little regret, in spite of its glorious scenery, we are taken over the border into Salvador, the tiniest Republic in the Western Hemisphere. The politics of Salvador are very similar to those of its neighbours. The actions of Ex-President Regallado, for instance, may be taken as representative specimens of the enterprise of local statesmen:—

Early one morning in the Spring of 1906 he planted the artillery in the Plaza and blew off the front of the Salvadorian White House. His action was primarily due to his personal dislike of Escalon, who was President at the time. Having paid this grudge, he set out to pay another. That Cabrera, of Guatemala, was a mean, half-caste Indian, who deserved to have his face slapped. So Regallado led the troops across the Guatemalan frontier without any declaration of war. He had not yet sobered up when he was killed in battle.

This incident is only one out of a number of the kind that are cited, and yet Salvador possesses the most stable Government of any in Central America, with the notable exception of Costa Rica.

Honduras succeeds Salvador in the course of the itinerary, and Honduras proves the most backward and impoverished of all the Central American States. "Why should our people accumulate more than one shirt apiece," demands an old Honduran, "when a revolution may come along at any

hour and rob them of everything not on their backs?" The misfortunes of Honduras, however, are due rather more to the machinations of its neighbours than to its own harassed internal economy. There is a bright spot here, moreover, due to the energy of an impated Chilian colonel, who is transforming a number of the young men "from languid, slouching Hondurans to athletic, well-set-up youths."

So far as actual tyranny is concerned, the Republic of Nicaragua is probably the worst sufferer of any of this group of countries, and the licence permitted to the utterly immoral leaders is mediæval in every respect. Much that the author saw with his own eyes is of a purely revolting nature, and it may be imagined that the tales that were told on all hands were of no brighter a tendency. When we arrive within the frontiers of Costa Rica, however, all is changed. Happy little Costa Rica, as Mr. Palmer terms that fortunate Republic, represents the single oasis amidst the desert of Central America. Here, at last, is breathed the atmosphere of freedom, prosperity, and progress. Perhaps the surest testimonial to the actual condition of the nation is afforded by the remarks of a Columbian who intended to disparage the country. "That President of Costa Rica," said the Columbian, "is of no account. He has not the courage to put a banker in gaol or shoot a rival. You will see, he cannot even re-elect himself. Fifty other men are just as smart as he. Any of them might be President. Costa Rica has never had a great man."

It is, of course, due to nothing beyond the presence of these "great men" that the remaining Republics are stretched prone in utter poverty, squalor, and misery. How sordid the life, how filthy the conditions, and to what a depth the mental degradation has sunk will be evident from a perusal of the author's pages. There is no doubt whatever that Mr. Palmer has every right to command an attentive hearing. His statements—although they cannot well fail to startle the greater proportion of his readers—are quite innocent in themselves of any taint of exaggeration or of recklessness. He is remarkably free from prejudice, moreover, and sounds an emphatic note of warning against the confounding of the circumstances in the countries he has described with those of the enlightened and progressive South American nations, such as Argentina, Brazil, and Chili.

Mr. Palmer, as a matter of fact, has approached his subject with an open mind, and is sufficiently frank in condemning what he terms the selfishness of his own compatriots, whose policy it is, while refraining from intervention themselves, to prevent other nations from bringing a needful pressure to bear. Rather than this passive attitude, he pleads for an assumption of responsibility, and for a volunteering of grooms to clean these Augean stables of the tropics. On this point one who has read his book will find some difficulty in disagreeing with him.

ECONOMIC CHANGES IN INDIA

The Economic Transition in India. By SIR THEODORE MORISON, K.C.I.E. (John Murray. 5s. net.)

We have here a reprint of the substance of lectures delivered by Sir Theodore Morison at the London School of Economics and Political Science in 1910. It is vivid and illuminating, and may be perused with pleasure and profit. Those who attended the lectures must have gained clearer ideas and a better grasp of the subject, which is one of some importance. If the book contains little original matter, it

abounds in extracts from sound authorities, which have been judiciously selected. The author traces the original resemblance between all countries which depend upon the old physical conditions. In England the industrial revolution took place in the eighteenth century, and India is now arriving at that stage. The main factors in the transition consist in the substitution of machinery for manual labour and the application of steam power. In England agriculture is now only one of several industries; manufacturers have drawn the workers to the towns. In India 70 per cent. of the population still depend upon agriculture; but the development of factories is attracting labourers to the towns, and, as India abounds in raw material, this economic change has enormous possibilities in prospect.

India has always had its special features; the villages have, on account of their isolation, been self-supporting and self-contained; transport and means of communication have been deficient, as elsewhere. As canals, roads, and railways facilitated exchanges and trade in Europe, so they are having similar effects in India. Lord Dalhousie gave them an impetus. Another feature was the insecurity of the country until the Pax Britannica was established. Another impediment was the imperfect division of labour; but specialisation is now becoming possible. Again, the typical village in India had its normal characteristics, the distinction between the landowners and the tenants, the open or common field, the rare use of money, the assignments of land for service, the rivalry between custom and competition. The tendency has been, as population increased, for rents to become competitive; the competition of landlords to obtain tenants has changed to the competition between tenants for land; produce rents have been converted to money rents; property in land has come to be valuable, and the village money-lender found ready victims in the improvident and indebted cultivators. It is satisfactory to read that, to meet the rapaciousness of the usurer, the Government lately passed a measure for the constitution and control of co-operative credit societies on Raiffeisen principles. These have fortunately caught on among the peasantry, and the principle of co-operation is calculated to extend to other purposes.

The literature of Indian famines is extensive; the liability to famines has been ever present. But few people realise that so late as Queen Elizabeth's time England, and France up to the close of the eighteenth century, were in danger from similar causes. The command of the sea has secured England, but the circumstances of India have admitted of famine recurring whenever the crops failed, until recent times. The assertion that, owing to British rule, famines at the present day are more severe than formerly is not warranted by the historical evidence. The development of communications has changed the whole problem of famine relief. Deaths from starvation should now be extremely rare; famine now means a prolonged period of unemployment, accompanied by dear food; relief works are opened to give employment to the sufferers.

With the introduction of machinery the weavers engaged in their domestic industry, still nearly six million persons, have naturally suffered; the want of capital is their difficulty, as it was in England; the erection of small factories, making use of hand-power instead of steam, is advocated as the remedy, but with the competition of Bombay and Manchester in the production of machine-made clothes the prospects of hand-weaving are not bright. The economic revolution in England has brought with it the interdependence of all parts of the industrial world, the concentration and subdivision of labour in factories and centres, the utilisation of accumulated capital, expert supervision. Until the revolution has developed further in India it will remain a poor country in comparison with England.

The increase in the number and output of the jute and cotton mills in India is a most promising sign of the industrial revolution.

The worthlessness of the charge against the British Government of "draining" India—a charge often exposed, but nevertheless repeated—is again refuted by Sir Theodore Morison, perhaps with more elaboration than was required, as the real point is fairly simple. The "Home Charges" which the Secretary of State has to meet amount to about eighteen millions a year. The allegation is that India is bled to this extent without any return; the answer is that India has received, and does receive, full value for this sum. It is a pity that Sir Theodore ever uses the misleading word "drain," for which he rightly substitutes "foreign payments," such as other countries have to make for the interest due on their borrowings. The greater portion of the payment represents the interest on the capital lent by England for the construction of railways and canals, which more than pay the interest; the remainder is spent on meeting certain necessary expenditure, such as pensions, allowances, stores, Army charges, which are actually incurred in England, as part of the administration of India, and must be paid for somehow. England's credit enables India to borrow 2 per cent. cheaper than she could otherwise. Roughly speaking, the Home Charges are for the most part paid by the excess value of the exports from India over the value of the imports into India; the payment is the method of adjusting the balance. Sir Theodore's little work puts into the hands of students the means of understanding the question of these foreign payments, on which the Indian National Congress is never weary of harping.

A SCIENTIST AT PLAY

Triumphs and Wonders of Modern Chemistry. By GEOFFREY MARTIN, B.Sc., PH.D. (Sampson Low, Marston and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

The popularisation of science, especially of the wonders of the "new knowledge," is a task of no mean difficulty. The unfolding of the recondite problems of the nature and constitution of the universe requires the delicacy of the master hand; the well-stocked mind must not be allowed to exhibit the narrowness of detail, but must illuminate the dark places of the great unknown, as the sun from the first flush of the dawn opens out to us an ever widening vista which becomes clearer at every moment. Nevertheless with the ascent of our luminary to its noon tide height comes a blurring of the vision that perplexes even the most seasoned veteran. Dr. Martin's volume reminds us of a certain undergraduate who, in early life, listened to the elementary lectures of a very learned professor, and then, years later, having returned to his *alma mater* as a tutor in that science, again sat at his senior's feet in the fervent hope that he might appreciate those elementary lectures! To advanced students Dr. Martin's book will prove of interest, but the beginner and the general reader will miss that breadth of view and gentle touch which we associate with the classic writings of Mr. Whetham. Dr. Martin has accumulated a wonderful mass of facts, but he lacks the genius and literary ability which instructs without giving birth to the boredom of the regulation text-book. It may be true that twenty millions of electrons can be packed side by side in the millionth of an inch; nevertheless, while conveying absolutely no meaning to the general reader, this would probably

give him a very erroneous idea of the constitution of matter. Electrons are not entities which can be isolated, yet this would be an extremely excusable inference.

This type of book, while readily lending itself to the exposition of the great inductive sciences, can scarcely be successfully applied to a science of fact, such as chemistry. Though chemistry treats of those conglomerations of electrons which we usually designate matter, still, to include in its ramifications the constitution of that matter requires a great stretch of the imagination. Dr. Martin, upon the unhallowed text of the chemistry of air, water, and the more common elements, builds up a volume of the most pretentious character. He quotes a panegyric on Snowdon, recounts at great length stories of subterranean rivers and stalactite-crusted caves, refers to Kaufmann's great researches on the variation of the mass of a body with its velocity, tells us that the pressure at the centre of the earth has been estimated to be three millions of atmospheres, and so on. We are treated to literary quotations extending from Lucretius to John Davidson, Rudyard Kipling, and Sir Lewis Morris. We look in vain for a few lines from Mr. Hall Caine or for the estimate of the number of peas in a pint. There is an interesting list of the authenticated tragedies connected with the owners of the Hope diamond—so interesting that Dr. Martin should have called in Mr. William le Queux to touch up some of the unauthenticated stories. Occasionally Dr. Martin refers to his own science, but immediately rushes away to tell us that "there exist within each cubic centimetre of oxygen gas, that is to say, within the volume of a large-sized pinhead, no less than 42,090,000,000,000,000 molecules" (we hope he has not made an error of a dozen or so); or to explain the method of and reason for administering oxygen (illustrated). The book is a perfect encyclopedia.

This notice would not be complete without reference to the illustrations. The artist who was responsible for many of them was a most thorough realist—there is no Post-Impressionist work here. Even Dr. Martin must have blushed when he first saw some of these pen-and-ink wonders, the neat diagrammatic sketches everywhere giving place to the weirdest attempts at perspective drawing. The prize is awarded to the illustration on page 238 of the Dog Grotto, near Naples. On each side of a cicerone, who stands declaiming with outstretched hands in the best Hyde Park style, is the asphyxiated body, presumably, of a dog: at the entrance to the cave is a maiden dressed in the white of purity and carrying a common white sunshade. We look in vain for her tears.

A. E. H.

FICTION

John Merridew. A Romance. By FREDERICK ARTHUR. (Longman and Co. 6s.)

THE first business of the reviewer of this book is to make clear that it is not a novel. The object of a novel is the telling of a story which, because of what it is or the way it is told, or both, amuses or entertains. But this is a romance, whatever that may be. There is also a preface, in which we are informed that the author has an object in writing the book, an object not usually in the mind of the writer of fiction. And the object is to urge, *inter alia*, that—

The need for England at this moment is that her sons should learn to think more deeply, to take life more seriously, to live less on the surface of things, and, while jealously maintaining that manliness which has made her what she is, should make their sports the relaxations and

not the objects of their lives. . . . For life is not the search for wealth, or health, or even happiness, because it is in service, and in service alone, that man can find his true destiny. If the reader, in tracing this history, is led to take a wider view of Christianity . . . the author's labours will not have been wholly in vain.

So much for the preface. We should have liked to quote it *in extenso* as leading to a fascinating physiological study. The book which Mr. Arthur has produced is truly a romance. He does not refer to himself as the author of any previous works of any kind, and we do not remember to have come across anything of his before. Time was when serious-minded men, burning to proclaim some bladderish shibboleth and fearing lest their pamphlet should be lost, relieved their souls of their appeals through the form of the novel with a purpose. The book under review, however, contains no fire, no epigram, no wit, no freshness, no wisdom; it is packed with the despondent groans for our country and our people.

We are sure we should greatly offend the author if we said we had been entertained by the book. But we shall not say so, for we were not. It is not meant to be entertaining; it is merely meant to scold us into certain views. He makes his characters talk of education, and how it should be provided; of religion, and how it should be regarded; of the duties of landowners, and how they should be performed; of the need for compulsory military service, and how it will save our poor old country, and so on. Like one of the incidents in the book, it is intended to have the effect upon the nation that the contents of the great French doctor's phial had when injected into the arm of Lady Merridew, whom the English doctors had made us believe was already dead. "Then a slight flush came into Isobel's face, and her breast heaved almost imperceptibly. 'Mon Dieu, ça a réussi!'" But if Old England is in the state the author thinks we fear there will be no revival from this effort at all events.

Although the story is dedicated to the noble purpose of saving us here in England, the scene is nearly all laid in Italy, and especially Southern Italy. Many passages reveal the great knowledge the author has of those parts and his deep sympathy with the people. Mr. Arthur clearly has a good deal of knowledge of certain things of which he speaks. But he has no gumption, and, greatest tragedy of all, no sense of humour.

The Case of Letitia. By ALEXANDRA WATSON. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

As may be gathered from the title, this book is a character-study of a woman. In a well-written book of this nature the characterisation is so vivid and true that it is only necessary to hear the name of the principal character for a picture of him or her to spring into one's mind instantly, without being able to prevent it. Miss Alexandra Watson has not succeeded in achieving this. Even at the moment of finishing the book Letitia is only a shadowy, little-known creature. It is impossible to see her distinctly, to feel her personality. Undoubtedly the book is mistitled. It should have been called "The Case of Rob." Here, if you like, is a character whose personality is striking, forceful, visible. The picture of Teddy is not well drawn. Has there ever existed, or will there ever exist, a man of the world, a gentleman—although a decided scoundrel—who would make use of the two following expressions? Meeting Letitia after many years' absence, he says: "Have you forgotten your old playmate, Miss Letty?" Again, when referring to a theatre he says to her: "You will enjoy it ever so!" Letitia, Rob, and Teddy are the three leading characters. Like a

great many modern women-writers, Miss Watson makes her heroine marry both the men, Teddy being the one to die. It is a tendency, this frequent marrying, which has only lately sprung into being, and which is, everything considered, not at all necessary. "The Case of Letitia" may be described as undistinguished—it is only mildly interesting, not very well written, while the heroine is unstriking. Here and there are moments of drama, but they are merely moments, and the only thing in the book is Rob, who would have stood being developed to a far greater extent.

The King Over the Water; or, The Marriage of Mr. Melancholy. By JUSTIN HUNTLEY McCARTHY. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

SOME months ago, at the Queen's Theatre, Mr. A. E. W. Mason's play entitled "Princess Clementina" was produced. It dealt with the escorting of the Princess for her marriage with King James the Pretender, at the moment exiled from the country, to his Court abroad. Unable to go himself, the King sends his servant, Charles Wogan, who falls in love with his sire's bride-elect. His love is returned, and their adventures by flood and field provided the action of the play. Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy has chosen the same theme for his new novel. Princess Clementina's adventures in the company of the gallant Wogan make spirited reading of the Dumas type. Swords play and horses are ridden to death, and men die fighting for their Princess. For those who like that kind of thing the author has provided two hours' excitement in the atmosphere of frills, hostilities, lace, and cavalcades. Undoubtedly the best chapters of the book are those in which are related the parting between the Princess and her lover. They are written sincerely and excellently; but have we not had too much of Mr. Charles Wogan? First we had him some years ago in Mr. Mason's book; then he was resuscitated in the play, and here he is again yet a third time—and we hope it will be the last, for the incident was never epoch-making, even when fresh.

siastic acclamations as the speaker wrought upon his hearers. It is a thousand pities that in these days such persuasive eloquence and dignified rhetoric are confined to the boards of a theatre. "The Critic" was, as usual, received with the greatest enthusiasm and amusement. Acted by a wonderful caste, not a line of the author's humour was thrown away. Where all were excellent, it is not perhaps invidious cordially to congratulate Mr. Cyril Maude on his performance of Don Ferolo Whiskerandos. Lady Tree as Tilburina deserved unstinted praise for her exhibition of madness. No Ophelia was ever half so mad as was Tilburina as presented by Lady Tree. The scene of the Procession of Rivers was graceful in the extreme.

Thereafter Mrs. Patrick Campbell recited a prologue written by Mr. Herbert Trench. Prologues are usually tedious, and there is every desire to take them as read, but Mrs. Campbell was so charming and arch in her delivery that for once a prologue was welcome. The concluding feature of a notably memorable performance was the presentation of Ben Jonson's masque entitled "The Vision of Delight." The title—alluring as it is—hardly conveys the grace and beauty of the scenes presented to a delighted audience—scenes which will linger for long in the memory of those who were privileged to witness them.

C. C.

THE COURT THEATRE

THE IRISH PLAYERS

THIS is an important visit of the Irish Players, more important in several ways than any of their previous visits. As we pointed out in our first article, when we had but seen the first night of their projected repertory, there are several external indications that seem to suggest a change of conception in the dramatic idea that the Abbey Theatre exists to express. It is not the moment to enter into the details of this, although they demand careful examination—firstly from the hopes that the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, had raised in us, and secondly from our desires for the future of drama itself. The fact may be referred to in passing because of the interest it sheds on the combined programmes of this week.

Firstly, on Monday, the 19th inst., there were put before us two plays that had never been produced in London: a one-act tragedy entitled "The Clancy Name," by Mr. Lennox Robinson, and a three-act comedy, "The Mineral Workers," by Mr. William Boyle. Only the previous week we had seen Mr. Robinson's "Harvest" with acute disappointment, seeing pourtrayed in it just that lack of obsession with itself that goes to the creation of great drama. Over and over again we discovered in it the stage-worn tricks that Mr. Robinson sought to pass off before our eyes as the authentic thing. In "The Clancy Name," however, there was a refreshing difference. It was not a flawless play by any means: such things belong not to the wayward ways of temporal circumstance; but the matter of importance was that its flaws and errors were proper to itself, and not the gifts of imitation. The story is that Mrs. Clancy, the widow of John Clancy, is a Clancy by marriage and a Clancy by proper origin, and is full of all the Clancy pride that never in its long history has that name earned the土壤 of disgrace. On the death of her husband she had to borrow somewhat heavily from two neighbours of hers, Mrs. Spillane and Eugene Roche, in order to continue the farm; and as the action opens she is seen paying back this money, with its requisite overplus of interest, in the proud consciousness that she of her own labour hath done this, and

THE THEATRE

THE CORONATION GALA PERFORMANCE AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

THE Coronation Gala Performance at His Majesty's Theatre may be aptly described by the title of the last feature of the programme, "A Vision of Delight." Everything that taste, theatrical aptitude, and skill could do to make the production the most memorable in the annals of the Drama was accomplished. In delightful surroundings, abounding in artistic ornamentation, all the leading actors and actresses of the day gave of their best. To mention a few, Mrs. Kendal and Miss Ellen Terry, not to omit Mrs. Calvert, gave a delightful representation of the Letter Scene in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Sir Charles Wyndham repeated his well-known performance of "David Garrick." Sir Herbert Tree, in the Forum Scene of "Julius Cæsar," delivered a marvellous oratorical *tour de force*. Never have we seen the subtlety of Marc Antony and the subtlety of his oratory presented so superbly. The groupings of the senators, citizens, and soldiers—parts all in the hands of well-known actors—were arranged in a masterly manner, and the workings of the orator's skilful eloquence was appropriately punctuated first by excrescences gradually turned to enthu-

that the Clancy brow may again raise itself in challenge to the world.

In strict accuracy it may be said that the action opens somewhat earlier than this, when Mrs. Spillane, rendered by Miss Maire O'Neill, and Eugene Roche, rendered by J. A. O'Rourke, enter on a visit to Mrs. Clancy, and, finding her out, stay ostensibly to await her, but truly to put us abreast of the action. This is cleverly done, and done with the conviction of simplicity. Mrs. Clancy's son John is there too, in the person of Fred O'Donovan; and when the two visitors start to speak of a murder that the neighbourhood has lately been startled by, his restlessness is swiftly conveyed to the audience. When Mrs. Clancy, her debts all paid, and the Clancy name all clear and fair, also takes up the gossip of the murder, John leaves them so strangely that we half expect his subsequent confession to his mother that he himself is the murderer. It was in wild passion he did it; and such is his remorse that he is driven to the need of public confession.

Mrs. Clancy's state may be imagined; but no imagination can convey the full force of the stubborn distress that Miss Sara Allgood conveyed in her strong interpretation of the scene. John goes out under promise of silence—a promise she has extracted in the teeth of his desires and her principles. To her the Clancy name is above all. Then, when Mrs. Spillane has entered to arrange a wedding between her niece and John, the sound of hoofs and a tumult of shouting is heard, and Mrs. Spillane, going to the door, describes to Mrs. Clancy how a man has sought to rescue a child, with evidently no desire of escape for himself. It is, of course, John. He is brought in dying. Here Miss Sara Allgood rises to an extraordinary power of acting. Her endeavours to frustrate John's efforts at confession, and her deliberate misinterpretation of the clues he gives, never once strike a wrong note. And she is successful, for John dies, and the Clancy name is not only safe, but girt with the new lustre of bravery. There are many faults in the play. For example, never does John seem capable of any deed so vigorous as murder. Again, there is obvious artifice when Mrs. Spillane stands at the door and describes the accident to Mrs. Clancy. It is unavoidable, perhaps, but then it should be passed swiftly through, and touched on lightly, instead of being delayed as it is. But there is real power in this piece.

"The Mineral Workers" was of a wholly different species. From first to last it is unmitigated laughter. Indeed it was so full of laughter that it becomes no small business to disentangle the play itself from the laughter it awoke. Yet it needs to be done, for the play as it stands would profitably bear rewriting. There are many strands in it flying loose that perplex the mind and disturb attention and enjoyment. These should be gathered in or cut away; and so the play would gain infinitely. As the play opens the Mulroy family is discovered—old Ned Mulroy, his wife Mary, and his children Patrick and Kitty, with the wiseacre of the neighbourhood, Uncle Bartle, discussing a momentous piece of news. Ned Mulroy's cousin, Stephen J. Reilly, is about to arrive from the States, a wealthy man, and his desire is to open up Mulroy's farm in the faith of its mineral possibilities. As they cogitate the news, the chief character of the play, Daniel Fogarty, is introduced to us. Confident know-all that he is, he is convinced that if Mulroy should give in to his cousin's persuasion, there can be nothing for him but "red ruin."

Thus the play is set a-swing. The centre of interest is how Stephen J. Reilly has to encounter the various oppositions of Mulroy, Fogarty, and Uncle Bartle in his projects: Mulroy, to whom the piercing of the shafts is like rending an ungainly wound in his beloved earth (a beautiful and true touch this!), Uncle Bartle with his cautious questioning, and Daniel Fogarty. Daniel Fogarty is supreme. His

derision at unhappy Mulroy when difficulties are encountered, his contempt of Reilly, and his cocksure entrenchment in the ways of his fathers, are all in the highway of humour. It comes to him at last to stand between the venture and success, and his triumph thereat is unmeasured. But Stephen J. Reilly is one too many for him; and the robust Fogarty crestfallen is very finely conceived, both by the author and by Arthur Sinclair, whose acting throughout was the making of the play. He recovers, however, and, being forced to join the enterprise, bids his one-time colleagues know they may find him "in his office." In all this there is genuine laughter. It must be set to the account of the play and Mr. Arthur Sinclair that Daniel Fogarty never fails to set the house afire on the waves of laughter. But we ask a play as well as laughter. The interest of the play went in and out with Fogarty; Mrs. Mulroy is seen in the first Act and no more; Kitty, beautifully played by Eithne Magee, maintains a love interest with Reilly, in opposition to Mrs. Walton, the squire's sister, which is not concluded, however it be suggested. The squire himself, played by Eric Gorman, and his sister, played by Kathleen O'Brien, were disappointing, Miss O'Brien in particular being most affected and unhappy. Yes, the play demands rewriting; and it is worth it.

Different again was Lady Gregory's "The Image," produced, we believe, last year for the first time in London. It was obviously by one of the "Old School," its even craftsmanship and its unperturbed balance telling that surely and inevitably. Yet therewithal it was over monotonous. It was very charming and delightful to watch the self-appointed committee—Thomas Coppering, Brian Hosty, and Darby Costello—decide on the erection of an Image to a certain Hugh O'Lara, a name that had been pronounced to them with great unction by the mad mountaineer, Malachi Naughton, because he had chanced on a bit of board bearing that name that had been cast up by the sea. Who Hugh O'Lara was and what he was none knew, and we felt the edge of an ulterior purpose more than once in the course of the play. As with "The Full Moon," there was more than a hint of Maeterlinck; and, like Maeterlinck, the author lacked throughout the tense grip of interest that drama requires. The play slept awhile; and if Lady Gregory says that in this the play was like the village of her choice, we can but respond that therein the play was much unlike the drama of our choice. But there is whimsical grace and humour in it that holds off censorious opposition and fault-finding. Indeed, Lady Gregory was herself her worst critic. The inimitable "Rising of the Moon" that succeeded to it came with rousing and contrasted cheer.

It is fit to close with mention of the holiest moment that has ever fallen on us in a theatre. On Friday was given Synge's "Riders to the Sea," a play that is not so much a tragedy as a tragic interlude, and the purest of all that author's works. It was played quietly and gravely, and from first to last the "keening" note was never lost. Miss Eileen O'Doherty and Miss Maire O'Neill made no mistake in pitching the true tone for the play; but the crown of praise remained with Miss Sara Allgood. That really supreme actress excelled herself, and when the last words fell from her lips—"Michael has a clean burial in the far north, by the grace of Almighty God. Bartley will have a fine coffin out of the fine white boards, and a deep grave surely. What more can we want than that? No man at all can be living for ever, and we must be satisfied"—a grave hush held the whole company awhile. Surely no actor can require more perfect thanks than that!

"GHOSTS" AT THE REHEARSAL THEATRE
It was perhaps unfortunate that the inaugural performance of the Adelphi Play Society on Sunday last at the

Rehearsal Theatre followed so quickly upon the enacting of "Ghosts" by the Ibsen Club at their Studio. At subsequent performances the new society will produce plays by Edmond Rostand and Laurence Housman, and, although the production of Ibsen's play was an adequate one, the substitution of one of these would have probably accentuated the interest in the opening performance. Miss Alice Chaplin gave a very excellent and studied interpretation of the part of Mrs. Alving, while Oswald Alving, the innocent sufferer for ancestral sins, was well pourtrayed by Mr. Maurice Elvey. The Pastor Manders of Mr. Leslie Gordon, though exhibiting the pliable character and dogmatic assurance of that clerical gentleman, was slightly overacted, Manders being represented as an insincere rather than as an ignorant ecclesiastic. Mr. James L. Bale was very successful as Jacob Engstrand, and Regina was well played by Miss Cicely Fairfield. "The Fantasticks," by Edmond Rostand, will be performed on July 9th.

THE MISSION OF GOVERNMENT

IT is a singular fact—and one over which we may well pause—that in the records within our ken, ancient or modern, actual or imaginative, not a single plan on true scientific lines—complete, consistent, practicable, and definite—is to be found for the good government and guidance of a people. In each and all are to be marked some touch of confusion. In the making of monarchies, oligarchies, republics, real or visionary, existent or crumbled, rulers and statesmen, poets and philosophers, past and present, would seem, in default of the true reason, to have vied with each other in building up and visualising colossal structures of incongruities and contradictions. In every system, if fairly analysed, such anomalies stand glaringly conspicuous. In the monarchy, associated closely with despotism, often is to be found the larger freedom; in the republic the fiercer despotism; and all, whether monarchies, oligarchies, republics, commonwealths, or even communes, are tainted with bureaucratic tyranny—the synonym for Socialism.

The failure of democracies, so long as the true mission of government remains undefined, will be a standing wonder to the future historian. And this, despite the sidelights in the form of warnings proffered by the past—the republic of Rome, with its privileged rulers, who treated the people like pariahs; the plutocrats and oligarchs of Venice masquerading as upholders of the republican idea while imposing despotism; the French revolutionaries prating liberty while practising the direct forms of blood and iron rule; our present system, wherein the people, having gained for themselves political and religious freedom, are clamouring daily and hourly for economic and social despotism and gravely imperilling their very existence as free men.

In the real systems as in the ideal, from the imagined Utopias of the remote ancients through all the ages right down to the visionary free commonwealth of Milton, sooner or later the parental idea predominates. Even the great Plato himself in his "Republic"—with a touch of unconscious satire worthy of a Molière—was lured into a dream of a perfect government presided over by philosopher Kings.

The misapprehension of the mission of government by the ancients was excusable enough: they had not an inkling of either political economy or sociology. Aesop alone, perhaps, and then only in the part of fabulist-interpreter, pointed the moral and adorned the tale of masterly inactivity as

against official taskmasters and tax-eaters, when he told the illuminating story of King Log and King Stork.

That the ancients blundered and that their political structures crumbled should therefore be no cause for wonder. They had not the choice of the two opposing principles by means of which the solution of the capital and labour problem is alone possible—the free principle and the compulsory principle. Their only means of governing was to apply domestic economy to the State. Feudalism was a transition from the compulsory system to the free. At the present day all civilised nations are supposed to have their division of labour organised on the principle of political economy, or the free system; but as a matter of truth the principles of domestic economy have been largely and are increasingly being resorted to in all directions. This state of things is becoming more and more palpable amongst ourselves. The masses are constantly voting our system out of the region of political economy altogether; they are for ever calling out for prohibitions, inspections, and restrictions of all kinds—beseeching their leaders, in fact, to treat the nation as though it were a farm, a factory, a workhouse, or a plantation worked by slaves. They are now arriving at the stage of the bread and games of ancient Rome; and they will wake up one day to realise that those who know not how to ask for bread must expect to receive a stone.

All such conditions as these have no place in the science of government. That should be concerned with political economy alone. All legislation and methods adopted, or intended to be adopted, in a Socialistic State are entirely alien to individual liberty, private ownership of property, division of labour by free contract, and rewards regulated by the laws of supply and demand.

A nation has to do one of two things. It must decide to adopt or submit to one of two systems—the free or the compulsory one, and then look round for the best method of carrying out the selected system. If the compulsory system has been chosen, the principles of domestic economy should be studied and applied; if the free system has been adopted, then the laws of political economy should be mastered and allowed free play.

We are supposed and often flatter ourselves that we live under a free system, yet our legislation from olden times has been permeated by acts of compulsion, defensible only on the ground of domestic economy; and during the last decades such hosts of meddling enactments have been added to our statute-books by both political parties that, being of a cumulative nature, such legislation is in danger of landing us in a similar economic imbroglio to that of many a vanished empire.

To be truly just, we live at the present time under a hybrid system which, despite old Socialistic meddling laws retained and new pragmatical and predatory laws added, is still predominantly free. Under these circumstances it is natural to consider which of the two systems—the compulsory or the free—is best for a nation. The answer to such a question could never come from an economist as economist. It is an ethical question, and the economist deals only with the material world. The reply addressed to a people so advanced in intelligence as our own might well be this—that the compulsory system is the best for a nation too savage, too corrupt, too ignorant to use their individual liberty for their own advantage. To such a people the evils of coercion may be less than the evils arising from misused liberty, but then only on the condition that the coercing power is naturally or has an interest in being benevolent, and that it is exercised by those superior in every sense to the coerced nation. To a people the majority of whom are enlightened enough to understand what is advantageous and what is harmful to them, the free system must be incomparably better than the compulsory. This is the more certain because not only is

the free system the only one compatible with material happiness and the least amount of suffering, but because personal liberty is the indispensable condition for intellectual, aesthetical, and moral progress.

As to the productiveness of the two systems, that of the free system is incalculably greater. In the ancient States, where compulsory division of labour prevailed, works and buildings were achieved the ruins of which fill us with wonder to-day. But it was all slowly accomplished, and while such work was in progress the general production for the welfare of the people was almost at a standstill. With even such a free system of division of labour as we now partially enjoy production is amazingly prompt and effective. Huge buildings, railways, tunnels, telegraph-lines, steamers, machines of all kinds are all constructed rapidly and with ease. Masses of highly-finished goods are turned out for consumption and use of the masses. We know that science and invention have greatly contributed to the progress of modern production; but it is equally true that the progress in science and invention is to a large extent the result of free division of labour. Given the removal of all anti-economic barriers in the form of monopolies, restrictions, inspection, and prohibitions, it is not so difficult to imagine the wondrous results that would accrue. A truly free system of division of labour would supply all the factors for the production of prosperity which the compulsory or socialistic system of the ancients supplied; but in addition to this each of the factors in the free system would exceed in potency the corresponding factor in the ancient system. The dread of punishment as the motive for work would be replaced by the desire for success, the hope of prosperity which has carried personal exertions to such a pitch in modern times; new materials and instruments would be supplied by competition between the whole world instead of being supplied by Government officials; the accumulation of capital would continue not in the hands of a privileged, squandering caste, but in the hands of every individual, and would largely be applied to new production. The discipline would be that over factories or farms instead of slavery; the selection of leaders would not depend on the caprice of a ruler, but would be the outcome of a natural selection of the fittest; distribution of work and the selection of products to be produced would depend not on the requirement of the governing classes, but on the workers themselves; frugality would not be compulsory, but voluntary, and actuated by highly-stimulated thrift. There can therefore be no doubt that the system of free division of labour would bring about a state of prosperity far exceeding that of the ancient compulsory systems.

We have seen in the last few decades what extraordinary benefits have been conferred by the abrogation of antiquated forms of legislation. Hundreds of examples could be given. But it will suffice to mention one or two of the most palpable—the abolition of paper and stamp duties so nobly compassed by Milner Gibson. Who among our grandfathers would recognise their newspaper and book world in the newspaper and book world of to-day? The change is simply amazing. And yet in all directions we find that instead of pursuing the healthy and wealth-producing policy of the unmaking of laws, we are for ever sedulously engaged in the making of new and, in most cases, poverty-producing laws.

For an enlightened people, then, the science or mission of government should aim at allowing an individualist or free system to shape itself on lines compatible with the personal liberty of all—a system conferring upon the citizen by virtue of the simple functions of those presiding over it, the right to work and to prosper according to his ability, energy, and aspirations; a system wherein the usurer, the sweater, and the motley tribe of social, financial, and poli-

tical parasites would seek in vain to prey upon their fellows; a system wherein the division of labour, being unhampered and perfect because unassailed and unassailable by bureaucratic brigands, would enable the more fit to put forth all their powers for self-culture and the fulfilment of their destiny.

The mission of government, then, should be simply two-fold—the jealous safeguarding of a people from invasion, and the strenuous upholding of law and order, and the liberty of the individual in the community.

A. EGмонт HAKE.

SOME OLD THEATRES OF PARIS

THE PALAIS-ROYAL—III.

BY MARC LOGÉ

It is impossible to say how long the theatre would have remained shut had not Mademoiselle Montansier, directress of the theatre at Versailles, returned to Paris in October 1789, in the wake of the Royal Family. She wished to reopen an establishment in the capital, and, after searching for a house, she discovered the Beaujolais, which seemed to suit her plans particularly well. La Montansier immediately entered into negotiations with Delomel; she paid up the debts he owed, and had the lease of the theatre renewed in her name. She next turned her attention towards embellishing the old playhouse, which was repainted, whilst the stage was enlarged; and on the 12th of April, 1790, the Beaujolais reopened, having been rebaptised rather affectedly by the new manageress "Théâtre de la Demoiselle Montansier," subsequently shortened into "Le Théâtre Montansier." It was on this stage that the celebrated Mlle. Mars made her *début* at the age of thirteen, before being engaged at the Théâtre Français, where she became universally admired for her beauty, her enchanting voice, and her inimitable talent.

According to the variations of the political situation, the Théâtre Montansier altered several times its name, as its directress was a most practical woman, who tried to follow the fluctuations of public opinion. Thus, in 1791, the Palais-Royal, having been dubbed Palais-Egalité, the Théâtre Montansier received the rather far-fetched appellation of "Théâtre du Péristyle du Jardin Egalité," whilst in 1794 it was known as "Théâtre de la Montagne." But in the following year, Robespierre having himself fallen a prey to the people whose bloodthirstiness he had been the first to excite, La Montansier thought best to designate her playhouse as "Le Théâtre des Variétés."

Les Variétés then formed the fashionable rendezvous of Paris. Brazier, the celebrated vauvillist (1783-1835) says, speaking of "Les Variétés":

"La République, le Directoire, le Consulat et l'Empire y ont trainé leurs éperons et leurs grands sabres; c'était là qu'on faisait halte entre deux victoires; ce n'était qu'un bivouac, le grand abattement de trônes ne laissait pas à ses capitaines le temps d'y faire élection de domicile."

The success of the Variétés could not but excite jealousies. Soon the Comédie Française (as it had done once before) complained bitterly that the Variétés represented plays degrading the standard of French literature (!), and the Press received from influential quarters orders to attack the immorality of the Variétés; whilst Fouché, Minister of Police, prevailed at length upon the Emperor to issue a decree obliging the management of the Variétés to leave the playhouse of the Galerie Beaujolais (January 1st, 1807).

La Montansier and her troop accordingly left, very regrettably, and settled for the time in the old Théâtre de la Cité whilst awaiting the construction of a new house on the Boulevards.* The old Beaujolais was once more left silent and solitary. But La Montansier soon obtained permission to let the theatre to a "marionette" show. The days were past, however, when *fantoccini* could interest the public. The people of Paris had had so many live puppets to play with during the past years that it could hardly be amused by the jests of little wooden figures.

A band of four-footed comedians—dogs—next took possession of the stage. The troop was complete—jeune-premier, ingénue, villain, confidant, &c., and a regular melodrama was written for them. The subject was most exciting—a young Russian Princess (represented by a silky-haired spaniel) was supposed to be sequestered in a tower by a wicked tyrant (a bulldog). Her lover, the Prince (a magnificent poodle), wandered at the foot of the tower "*barking his love*"! The intrepid retinue of the dashing young Prince (composed of poodles and daschunds) gave assault to the fortress, finally vanquishing the cruel tyrant's soldiers, and carrying off the Princess.

This show drew a full house each night; the Jeux Forains, as it was then called, was every evening the scene of delighted applause from Paris's most fashionable inhabitants. Bruzier, speaking of these wonderful dogs, says:—

Beaucoup de spectateurs conduisaient leurs chiens à ce théâtre, pour servir de comparses, ou de figurants. On ne saurait s'imaginer combien ce spectacle était drôle; on entendait de toutes parts, des baignoires au Paradis: "Tiens! voilà Médor! Tiens, voilà Azor! Ah! c'est Turc qui commande la patrouille!" Un soir, un caniche était de faction au pied de la tour; lorsque son maître entra à l'orchestre, le pauvre chien le reconnut, quitta son poste, et déserta dans la salle avec armes et bagage! . . . Peu s'en fallut qu'il n'entraînât une désertion générale!"

The dogs eventually departed, however, to amuse other audiences in other climes, and the Salle Montansier was transformed into the Café de la Paix, where later small plays were acted by two or three comedians. After Mlle. Montansier's death, which occurred in 1820, the theatre was rented by Messieurs Dormeuil and Poirson, who obtained under M. de Montalivet's Ministry the privilege of giving back to the old playhouse its original destination. The interior of the Théâtre du Palais-Royal, as it was then named, was entirely rebuilt, and on the 6th of June, 1831, it opened with a prologue, wittily entitled "Ils n'ouvriront pas!" ("They won't open!").

During the seventeen years which elapsed until the Revolution of 1848, the Palais-Royal enjoyed an unprecedented success. When political trouble arose, it curtailed its name to Théâtre du Palais, but from June, 1848, it became definitely the Théâtre du Palais-Royal, and has remained so ever since.

Amongst the most celebrated protagonists of all the joyous plays which have braved *les feux de la rampe* within its precincts is to be mentioned Régnier, one of the greatest comedians of the last century, who later had a most brilliant career at the Comédie Française. Since the 'thirties the old enmity existing between the two theatres seems to have disappeared; indeed, proof of this was given this winter by M. Georges Berr, the talented actor of the Comédie Française, who wrote for the Palais-Royal a most charming play entitled "Le Million!" Samson, who created "Le Philtre Champenois"—the well-known L'héritier, who appeared for more than fifty years on the stage of the Palais-Royal, in such works as "La Cagnotte,"

of world-wide repute—the famous Mlle. Déjazet, and the no less famous Gil-Perès, who founded the Théâtre Molière at Brussels, and who died crazy, are amongst the other great comedians who have amused generations of Parisians. And "La Vie Parisienne," by Offenbach, which is at present scoring a real triumph on the stage of the Variétés on the Boulevards, was presented for the first time at the Palais-Royal, in 1867, with considerable success.

Such is the history of the Palais-Royal, quaint old playhouse, which has remained ever faithful to Rabelais' motto, "Le rire est le propre de l'homme," which still adorns its front. And one of the curiosities of the theatre which has passed through so many vicissitudes since its foundation to this day is its *foyer*, the walls of which are decorated by frescoes due to the brush of Emile Bayard. These paintings represent all the most celebrated actors and actresses who have appeared on its stage since 1831. Dressed in the costumes they wore in their greatest triumphs, Hortense Schneider, Gil Perès, the incomparable Virginie Déjazet, the inimitable Raymond gaze with smiling eyes at the people who during the *entr'actes* walk up and down the *foyer*, exchanging impressions, pleased to see that the old tradition of the theatre is so stoutly maintained by the new management, and that the Théâtre du Palais-Royal is still, as it has ever been, "the temple of laughter."

THE GIFT OF APPRECIATION

It is hardly necessary to remind readers of THE ACADEMY that Carlyle, the Scotchman who wrote a fine romance about the French Revolution but generally preferred to write in broken German, once devoted a book to the consideration of Heroes and Hero-Worshippers. These words are set on paper a long way from that and most other books, and I cannot recall for the moment the exact attitude he adopted towards hero-worshippers—whether he pitied them, patronised them, or admired them. As he was himself undoubtedly a hero one would expect his emotions to vary between compassion and admiration—the strong man's compassion for the weakness and admiration of the strength of the weak. I am sure at all events that he did not fall into the vulgar error of despising hero-worshippers, because they are content not to be heroes. Yet as I write it seems to me that the very name "hero-worshipper" has been spoilt by sneering lips; we are asked to believe that they are only weak-minded enthusiasts with a turn for undiscriminating praise, and that they swallow their heroes, as a snake swallows a rabbit, bones and all.

Personally I think this is a bad way in which to eat rabbits, but the best possible way in which to take a great man. I detest the cheese-paring enthusiasm that accepts the Olympian head and rejects the feet of human clay. Until Frank Harris taught me better I thought Shakespeare's Sonnets were capable of but one probable interpretation; but I did not wag my head with the moralist Browning and cry "The less Shakespeare he!" To-day I do not find Shakespeare less great because he loved Mary Fitton; it seems impossible that any one should. Yet Moore burnt Byron's autobiography, Ruskin would not write a Life of Turner because of the nature of his relationship with women, Stevenson abandoned an essay on Hazlitt because of the "Liber Amoris"—Stevenson, whose essay on Robert Burns "swells to heaven"! In the face of such spectacles as these it is surely legitimate to pine for the blind generosity of the enthusiast, that incautious fullness of appreciation that lifts great men with their due complement

* The Variétés of to-day.

of vices and follies on to a higher plane where the ordinary conventions of human conduct no longer apply.

Great men are usually credited with an enormous confidence in their own ability, but often enough they have been distinguished for their modesty, and the arrogance has only come late in life to support their failing powers of creation. In fact, it may be said that no man, even the most conceited, is assured of his own heroic qualities till some one tells him of them, and thus far it would seem that the hero-worshipper creates the hero. One enthusiast can create many heroes, which possibly accounts for the fact that we find in life that heroes are far more numerous than hero-worshippers. Nearly every one possesses the heroic qualities *in posse*; the gift of appreciation is proportionately rare. Every day there are more great men and fewer admirers of greatness in man. In the next generation super-men will be so common that it will become a distinction to belong to Christ's democracy.

The standard example of hero-worship is Boswell's "Life of Johnson," a book whose greatness is universally admitted, and, it may be added, universally misconstrued. If we are to class biographies by their utility, it loses its pre-eminence, for we would have derived a considerable if insufficient knowledge of Johnson from the pages of Piozzi, Hawkins, and others; whereas if that matchless prig Austen Leigh had not written the Life of his aunt Jane Austen, we should have known practically nothing of the inspired miniature painter, less certainly than we know of Shakespeare. But, of course, the greatness of Boswell's Johnson rests with Boswell, and not with Johnson at all. Johnson had all the traditional virtues and vices of the mythical average Englishman. He was brave, honest, obstinate, intolerant, and ill-mannered; he was all these things with a violence to shake society, as his vast body shook the floors of houses. It is this violence that marks him out as an exceptional man, for violence of any kind is abnormal, but it is safe to say that for one Boswell there will be born a hundred Johnsons. In terms of literature Johnson is only of interest as being the protagonist of Boswell's masterpiece. If his "Lives of the Poets" still exist to irritate the unwary, "Irene" and "Rasselas" are dead and buried. For all his greatness Johnson had not the wit to win for himself his measure of immortality. It needs the magic of Boswell's pen to put life into his dead bones. He displays his hand in many parts—as a learned pig, as a sulky child, as Falstaff, and, happily enough, often as a simple, kind-hearted man; but, whatever the rôle, Boswell never forgets to impress us with the fact that this is a man to be admired. He shows us Johnson bellowing at the thought of death; he tells us that he was a brave man, and we believe him.

Johnson apart, Boswell's Life is a masterpiece of self-revelation; he is so honest as an artist that he makes no effort to hide the petty dishonesties of his own nature. He tells us how he won the tolerance of Johnson and, indeed, made himself necessary to him by means of skilful flattery. This signifies but little, for Shakespeare did not scruple to flatter Elizabeth and Pembroke, the greater folk of the moment. We are most of us willing to flatter great men if it gives them pleasure, but, unlike Boswell, we do not subsequently explain the process at full length in a book. It reminds us of Pepys taking careful note of his peccadilloes, but Pepys did not always remember that he intended posterity to read his diary. Boswell wrote without thought of concealment, handed his portrait of Johnson and his no less conscious portrait of himself to his own generation, and ever since has been regarded as a kind of thick-headed parasite for his pains. Boswell was not an intellectual man in the sense that Johnson was intellectual, but he had a wonderful knowledge of human motives and an appreciation of Johnson that brought out the latent genius in him, and ended by making the expression of his admiration more

admirable than the man admired. Johnson is as dead as Garrick. Boswell lives with the great ones of English literature. The hero-worshipper has outlived the hero.

As a rule it is to be feared that appreciation is a gift granted only to the young. In our green, unknowing days we used to divide books into masterpieces and miserable rubbish. The classification is convenient, but as our minds wear out and we become wise, the tendency is to find no more masterpieces. Those were great nights when we used to read each other's verses and congratulate the world on its possession of our united genius. That is really the poet's hour, his rich reward for years of unprofitable labour, when the poets of his own unripe age receive his work with enthusiasm—an enthusiasm which in all honesty and all modesty he shares himself. Unhappily he is paid in advance; sooner or later he wakes to find that he is worshipping before the shrine of his own genius, and the shrine is empty. That is why I am half pleased and half melancholy when young men tell me that Antony Starbright, aged twenty, is the greatest poet since Keats. If they only knew that I too in my hour was one of a group of greatest poets who all wrote poems to Pan and Hylas, when on summer nights that sometimes stretched far into summer mornings we were all hero-worshippers together and we ourselves were the heroes.

There is a box at the Strand end of Waterloo Bridge which is always brimful of the works of new poets, and I can never pass it without pausing to look at the little neatly-bound volumes which say so little and mean so much. All the enthusiasms, all the illusions of youth are there, printed with broad margins and bound in imitation vellum. I turn the pages that brutal critics have not troubled to cut, and bitterly lament the blindness that makes it impossible for me to know what the young men who wrote them really wanted to say. But it pleases me to think that each of those little books has its appreciative public, some half-dozen young men who know the author and can read the greatness and pride of his youth between the reticent lines of his work.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

MUSIC

THERE is something undeniably pleasant about the word "popularity," and the ideas it conveys, and yet there is something unsatisfactory too. We feel instinctively that, when applied in connection with certain pre-eminent persons in whom the world has agreed to delight, the word is hardly good enough. There is, perhaps, a want of dignity about the idea of popularity. Admirably used to describe the position in public regard enjoyed by a great cricketer, a general, a statesman, or even a monarch, it cannot be so well used about great artists. Raphael and Mozart had the personal qualities which make men "popular," and their genius could be and was felt by the multitude; but would it not be almost derogatory to apply the word "popular" to them? Among the great figures which have adorned the inner temple of Art in recent times no man, perhaps, was more deservedly popular in a certain sense than Joseph Joachim, yet we should pause before applying the word to him. It would almost seem disrespectful to one of his high bearing in all that had to do with his art. We might apply it to Sullivan without fear, but hardly to Joachim.

But however this may be, if, for want of a better term, we are driven to speak of the popularity of certain artists, there is one thing about it and about them which we know only too well. Popularity is a possession which, however widely

enjoyed, may surely and speedily be lost. Fashions are for a moment; lovers are fickle; pendulums swing; and the artist who twenty years ago was the object of ecstatic adoration may come to be regarded only as one who has had his day. An artist who continues to be unaffected by the changes and chances which wait on the career of public favourites is certainly a phenomenon. In the world of music at present we can think, perhaps, of only one, and that is M. Paderewski. We do not care to descant upon his "popularity," for he, like Joachim, is one of those for whom we would wish to find a word of greater seemliness; but, though he is certainly something more than merely "popular," he is the one artist of the time towards whom the attitude of the musical world—of the two hemispheres—has not changed. Familiarity with his art has bred no sign of indifference to it. If the rather silly manifestations of delight made by some of his more unrestrained admirers had the effect of cooling the ardour of the rest it would not be surprising. But there is no trace of this being so. Year after year, in every country, there is the same eagerness to hear M. Paderewski play, and when he has played there is the same agreement among his brother musicians and the amateurs that he stands alone, the Liszt or the Rubinstein of this generation. He, too, is unchanged since the first day that he mounted a platform. He has had to live in an atmosphere of adulation such as few artists have had to experience. Yet the effect of it upon him has been no more than that of Nebuchadnezzar's flame upon the Three Holy Children.

The causes of M. Paderewski's pre-eminence have often been analysed and stated. It has been shown that even though, as some have contended, he may be surpassed in certain secondary matters of *technique* by one or two of his contemporaries (an opinion which we do not share), he alone unites in a supreme degree all the gifts which pianists should possess—poetry, enthusiasm, culture, sensitiveness, magnetism, together with such art of touch, tone, and *technique* as enables him to make use of the higher qualities mentioned. But if this were all, if, indeed, M. Paderewski's equipment were one which could thus be analysed, it cannot be denied that there are two or three pianists who would run him very close in an examination in the schools. We must add, therefore, that in his playing, about the whole being of the artist which is expressed by that playing, there is a quality of dignity peculiar to himself, and it is in this dignity, enveloping all the poetry and all the romance as in a cloak, that the secret lies. Were M. Paderewski to vanish from the scene, there is one artist who would then, we think, occupy the unique place among the pianists. His gifts are magnificent, and his usage of them is ennobled by a certain robust manliness which has the effect of a fine mountain air. The strength of the hills is his. But he has not the special gift of chivalrous dignity which is so strong in M. Paderewski, that in his presence one feels as if Bayard were alive again. It is this dignity added to the romance and all the rest of it which makes him such a Chevalier. It happened to us the other day to glance through a dear, ridiculous, well-remembered old nursery-book in which we were once taught geography, "Near Home, or Europe Described."

We thought at once of M. Paderewski when we came to this true passage, "The Polish nobles are very polite and very brave, and they think there is no country in the world like Poland." The simple language brought a glow of sympathy and admiration with it. Polish nobles! What a character is theirs! And in that hierarchy surely M. Paderewski is among the first! Is not his playing brave? Is it not "polite" in the best meaning of that word? And when he is playing the music of that other great Polish noble, Frédéric Chopin (for Pole he was in spite of his French descent), are we not immediately aware that he thinks "there

is no country in the world like Poland"? All of us have always recognised this; it needed not the burning, eloquent address to his countrymen about Chopin which M. Paderewski recently delivered, and which we were so much delighted to read in Miss Alma Tadema's just published translation—it needed no words of the pianist to teach us this. But we venture to advise all who love Chopin to read this oration, for they will find in it much that will help them to a fuller understanding of the composer-poet and of his interpreter, the pianist-poet.

So much has been said and written about M. Paderewski's playing of Chopin that we will not add more than merely to notice how delicate are the changes of mood shown by the pianist in his ever-changing treatment of the subsidiary passages. He has a new air to give them each time he plays a nocturne or a prelude. We anticipate, perhaps, that he will execute a particular passage with the same *nuance* which so much delighted us when last he played the piece. If disappointment it be, we are like to be disappointed, for, by some infinitesimal alteration of tone, some variation of the *rubato*, he has played it differently! Yet the conception of the piece remains the same, and we are reminded how Liszt said that Chopin compared his compositions to the tree whose stem is immovable, while the branches and leaves sway about, ever taking new curves and catching new colours. M. Paderewski's Chopin-playing is of course a thing apart, not challenged by any rival. We have sometimes thought that if we were condemned for our sins to know in the future only one of the pianistic enchantments it has been our lot to enjoy, we should choose to hear M. Paderewski playing a mazurka by Chopin. Other pianists can give us real pleasure with the studies and the sonatas, but none of them come near M. Paderewski when it is a question of the mazurkas. The late Mr. Hipkins, of Broadwoods', and the late Mrs. William Lowther, who had lessons from Chopin both in Paris and London, have told the writer that M. Paderewski was the only pianist who played Chopin like Chopin, that Charles Hallé knew some of the secrets, and that in some pieces M. Pachmann did also. They held strongly that Rubinstein, with all his genius, did not express the most personal of Chopin's compositions in the right way.

But we could wish that the perfection of M. Paderewski's Chopin did not seem to make some people less alive than they ought to be to the incomparable beauty of his treatment of other composers' music. He played some Beethoven and some Schumann the other day at Queen's Hall as finely, perhaps, as he has ever done. We scarcely like to draw attention to particular passages which impressed us by their strange beauty of interpretation, for the real marvel was the power with which he co-ordinated the whole piece, put each detail into its proper place, and made everything seem inevitably right. But we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of saying that M. Paderewski's delivery of the bits of recitative in the first movement of Beethoven's Sonata in D minor, and the management of the embellishments in the slow movement, which were made to grow out of the melody like leaves out of a rose-bush (not some stiff "hybrid perpetual," but some climbing "Summer" rose), gave us moments of exceptional pleasure. Then in Schumann's F sharp minor Sonata, with what lucid art were the temperaments of "Florestan" and "Eusebius" made real to us! And if the delivery of the first verse of the Aria—so hard to play well, with the "tum-tum" accompanying chords to the simple, moving tune—was a revelation of what hidden art can effect, the second verse—an easy violoncello-like theme with right-hand ornaments which a child could surely play (though then it would sound merely stupid)—was an even greater wonder. It was altogether a rare experience, and roused such emotions as one would feel at

the sight of some great gentleman, gay, yet grave, playing with some little, beautiful child.

We were reminded of M. Paderewski and his playing while we were listening the other day to the Coronation music. In its tender intimacy, its purged clarity, it resembled the effect which the verse from Purcell's "Jehovah, quam multi" had in the midst of that polyglot collection of compositions made for the sacring of King George. Of its noble dignity, its splendid simplicity, we were reminded by "Zadok the Priest." Of its frequent sweet austerity, Merbecke (beautiful still, though submitted to torturing processes of compulsion by Sir George Martin) and Tallis' great Litany reminded us; and to its frequent bright, strong, solid cheerfulness the music of Purcell's truest successor in our day, Sir Hubert Parry, turned our thoughts. Then there were the compositions to order, in their varying degrees of excellence. But among them all, Marbecke, Tallis, Purcell, Handel, and Parry were pre-eminent. So is M. Paderewski among even the best of his kind.

THROUGH FRANCE IN A MOTOR—II.

By FRANK HARRIS

I THOUGHT Grenoble one of the most beautiful and most interesting towns I had ever seen. Placed in a valley just above the meeting of the two rivers—the Isère and the Drac—with mountains from 5,000ft. to 10,000ft. in height walling it in on both hands, it would be difficult to find a finer position. The museum is wonderful, as I have said, and the town itself is a sort of epitome of the past. The old part of the Law Courts dates from 1480; the church of St. Laurent was built about 1050, and there is a crypt below with columns of Parian marble from the sixth century; the very name of the town, a corruption of Gratianopolis, carries one back to the time of the Emperor Gratian, who ruled towards the end of the fourth century; one can trace the growth of civilisation in Grenoble for fifteen hundred years.

But we had heard so much of Annecy and its joyous, bright lake that we resolved to visit it. At first our way led along the Durance by the great bastion of Mont Eynard, some 5,000ft. in height, which we had already admired on account of its bold, rocky outline. As we went on, this mountain became still more picturesque: first came vineyards and orchards and crofts; then a long pine-clad slope for a couple of thousand yards, and far above the pines a thousand feet of porphyritic cliff like a wall. I do not know that the rock was porphyry, but the colour of it was that peculiar reddish brown. On the other side across the stream were mountains of all shapes—breasts, and pyramids—while behind them showed a higher range of snow-clad peaks.

A little later and the scene on our left hand became entrancing. Mountains of various shapes sprang up in front, and between them one caught sight of the vast porphyritic bastion frowning down above them, the top veiled in clouds. Here and there waterfalls streamed down between the cliffs; now the water was blown into foam, now it was whirled about like veils of lawn tossed in the wind. As we drew towards Annecy the mountains fell away on either hand, losing their majesty. Nor did Annecy, charmingly situated as it is, nearly 1,500ft. above the sea-level, make up in beauty for what we had left behind. It is a delightful little town, the old part intersected by broad canals, a sort of quaint Venice among the mountains looking out over the gayest, brightest lake imaginable. But after being impressed by natural beauty for some time, one wants rest just as much as if one had yielded to the enchantment of some

marvellous book or work of art. Emotions soon weary, and so Annecy has made a deeper impression in memory than it did at the moment. We left the town in the afternoon and coasted the lake for some ten miles to Ugines at the other end and then turned towards Chamonix and Mont Blanc. Soon the road began to climb a most romantic gorge, the setting, so to speak, of the mountain torrent, the Arly, all emerald waters and lace foam tumbling over brown rocks. But our eyes seldom fell to the stream: we were all intent on the heights. For the most part they were clothed in pines and larch to the summits, and so near together that when we turned round, the gorge seemed absolutely closed behind us. We were in complete shade, which would have been gloom had it not been for the blue sky and sunlight above. We crossed and recrossed the stream a dozen times, winding up higher and higher for something like twelve miles of the most romantically beautiful road in Europe. Suddenly we were stopped by *douaniers* at the little village of Flumet; we were entering the neutral zone, it appeared, between France and Switzerland, and a pass was required, which took half an hour to draw up and cost us a penny-halfpenny. Custom-house officers and aeroplanes! Man's sense of humour is rudimentary.

In ten minutes after leaving the custom-house we swept to the top of the pass and caught sight of the Mont Blanc range; the snow summits all rosy in the evening light. A little later for a moment we saw Mont Blanc himself with his ermine cape swathed in clouds. Then down, down into St. Gervais for the night. Every one knows how the little town was almost destroyed by an avalanche in 1892. Even to-day it is only beginning to be rebuilt—capital recovers confidence slowly.

We had had a feast of natural beauty, and it seemed impossible that any scenery, any combination of wood, water, and mountain could make a new impression on us. The drive from Ugines to St. Gervais had exhausted our capacity for that sort of emotion. Consequently we were in a hurry to get northward: Paris and the rush of civilised life began to draw us. All the morning running out of St. Gervais towards Geneva we had every variety of mountain scenery; but our appetite for it was blunted. We were glad when the mountains fell away and hills took their place and we caught glimpses of level plain; so we drove like Jehu till we reached Bellegarde, the frontier of the neutral zone, and underwent the custom formalities again in an exceedingly hot sun. While the *douaniers* were verifying our passport we betook ourselves to the famous *Perte du Rhône*, a gulf where the river disappears for some 80yds. whenever the water is low.

On leaving Bellegarde we went up a very steep hill, and a few miles further on we came to the *Défilé de l'Écluse*—the famous gorge by which the Rhône leaves Switzerland between the southern extremity of the Jura range and the mountain of Vuache, which is here about 3,600ft. in height. This wonderfully deep and narrow defile is commanded by the *Fort de l'Écluse*, which was founded by the Dukes of Savoy and rebuilt under Louis XIV. by Vauban. We passed through the fortress by a tunnel in the rock, and on issuing from the gloomy precincts came suddenly to a most surprising view. Away below us on the left the Rhône runs through a rift in the mountains, the cliffs on the further side falling almost in a precipice, and from our side it looked as if one could jump into the torrent 1,000ft. below. After our glut of natural beauties this view brought a new thrill.

In half an hour or so we reached Nantua and lunched there. It was very hot, and the hotel was crowded—a dozen autos at the door, and a hundred guests making a holiday of Whitsuntide.

The road from Nantua to Bourg ran in wide sweeps upwards for nearly half an hour, till suddenly we reached

the top of the mountain. My breath was taken by the grandeur of the prospect. We seemed to be on the roof of the world, so wide was the outlook; the whole country in hills and valleys lay beneath us as in a coloured map. We ascended many hills afterwards and had wide prospects, but none to be compared with this.

About four o'clock we reached Bourg, and at once made our way along a wide boulevard to the famous church of Brou. The first glimpse of the beautiful portal, in form like the handle of a wicker-basket, showed me how much deeper was the impression made by art than was made by any natural beauty.

The church has often been described and always praised; but pretty as I thought it, the best I can say for it is that it is a fair casket for the jewels it holds. It was built by order of Margaret of Austria between 1511 and 1536 to carry out a vow of her mother-in-law, Margaret of Bourbon. One could almost guess from the first glance that it was built by a woman. Although it had the famous architects John Perreal, called John of Paris, and Loys van Boghem, it shows a grace and elegance which I like to think of as Margaret's. There are other indications that she was concerned with the design. The beautiful portal has over the centre an *Ecce Homo*, and a statue of St. Nicholas, to whom the church is dedicated, and another statue to St. Andrew—everywhere men-saints, and not women.

Margaret to me is a most interesting personality, with a weird, unhappy story: she married John of Castile, and was widowed at seventeen; she married again Philibert the Handsome, of Savoy, and again was left a widow before she was twenty-four years of age. She became Regent of the Low Countries under Philip of Spain, and governed the United Provinces with extraordinary tact and considerable success for years. According to tradition, she leaned on Egmont rather than on her Spanish advisers, and when Philip recalled her and sent Alba with an army to carry out his suicidal policy of religious persecution Margaret returned to France and occupied herself piously with the building of this church of Brou till her death in 1530.

The inside of the church is as graceful as the outside; the carved woodwork of the stalls extraordinarily rich and elaborate; but it is the three tombs of Margaret herself, her mother-in-law, and her husband Philibert which take the eye. The tomb of Philibert is in the centre of the cross; Margaret lies on the left, and the other Margaret, her mother-in-law, on the right. Margaret's tomb and Philibert's are both distinguished by having two statues. Philibert is represented above in his habit as he lived, and below in the degradation of beauty as a skeleton. The Renaissance, like the youth of men, was obsessed with constant thoughts of death and brooding on the undiscovered country. Margaret has used the same idea for her own tomb, except that her presentment is clothed, even in death, with the exception of the feet, which are bare. On the left foot one can see the mark of the wound from which she died. But the feet are the feet of a living woman, and not of a skeleton. For herself Margaret loved beauty more than truth.

Naturally enough, according to modern ideas the tomb of the mother-in-law is the simplest, Margaret's own tomb the most beautiful and the richest. On the cornice of it, as on the great font at the entrance of the church, one reads Margaret's motto, "Fortune, infortune," to which she added "Fort' une," as if in defiance of adverse fortune. There are other slight indications of her character. Her oratory in the chancel has a sidelong opening, which allowed her to sit alone by her fire and still see the high altar and the officiating priests. Above her tomb are some women's figures in the costumes of the period (probably some of her own aids), carried out with extraordinary charm and an

exquisite, if mannered, grace. A love of beauty with a studied elegance of gesture, a profound melancholy with a brave acceptance of whatever Fate might bring—these seem to me the characteristics of Margaret, or, rather, I feel that these qualities linger like a perfume about the monuments of Brou, and they are to me the pathetic emanation of that perturbed and lonely, but brave and gracious woman who here won at length to eternal peace.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

By LANCELOT LAWTON

PROBLEMS OF THE PACIFIC

WERE it possible on the grounds of expediency to have published in detail a complete report of the deliberations that have just been brought to a close at the Imperial Conference, many matters of high consequence affecting the welfare of the Empire as a whole would doubtless have been revealed. Probably one of the most important subjects debated in camera was that relating to the vexed question of Asiatic immigration in the Colonial Dominions. The problem is one of deep concern, not only to the United States, but also to Great Britain. In relation to ourselves it is essentially an Imperial problem; in a wider and more significant sense it is an Anglo-Saxon problem.

The political events which have happened during the last few years have rendered a danger, always foreseen, an imminent peril. Moreover, the irony of circumstances decreed that Great Britain and the United States, the two nations now beset by the problems of Asiatic immigration, should take a prominent part in shaping those events. Both gave material support to Japan in her war with Russia. Both assisted in a large measure to gain entry for Japan into what is commonly called "the comity of nations." Their object was in itself laudable enough. They wished to see the tide of Russian aggression in the Far East stemmed, and to secure the policy of the Open Door. Russian aggression in the Far East was, to some extent, arrested. But, though determined in the letter of treaties, the policy of the Open Door is less assured to-day than it was in the period of the Russian occupation in Manchuria. It is a policy the fulfilment of which is more dependent upon the spirit than the letter; it is in the spirit largely that it is being violated at the present time. Apart, however, from these considerations, the outstanding feature of the situation, plainly stated, is that the nations who, in their adherence to the policy of the Open Door, had supported Japan, were very shortly afterwards compelled to close their own portals against Japanese immigrants. I have said that they closed their portals, but they were not in a position to bolt and bar them. For the prestige of Japan among the Powers of the world had improved to such an extent that she claimed that discriminating restrictions on the movements of her people when imposed by foreign countries were humiliating. She declined to become a party to immigration treaties, and herself voluntarily offered to remedy the evil.

The problem may be regarded as officially settled. But the masses of the people in British Columbia and in California are by no means disposed to accept such a sanguine view. They claim that Japanese of an undesirable class are still smuggling themselves into the forbidden territories. Furthermore, they strenuously object to the Japanese who are already settled on the soil, and they urge that, owing to the fact that these people possess an adroit habit of concealing themselves when officers entrusted with

making a census are at work, the total number has been miscalculated. Any dispute on this score is beside the question. The fact remains that the white residents on the Pacific coast will not tolerate the presence of Japanese in their midst; and if events prove that further immigration has not been satisfactorily restricted, the problem that will arise can have only one solution. And as Japan has plainly intimated that she will not consent to exclusion treaties, that solution can only be found as a result of an appeal to arms. It would be idle to deny, no matter how much we would like to think otherwise, that when Japan voluntarily offered to take her own measures the resources of diplomacy were exhausted. Unless she keep her word implicitly, the future can hold nothing but trouble—trouble, moreover, in which Great Britain will have no choice of sides save she elect to strain to the point of breaking the ties which bind her to her Colonies; save she volunteer to prove false to her own flesh and blood and to turn her back upon those loyal people who for so long have upheld the traditions of the race in the King's Dominions beyond the Seas.

Not only in the United States and Canada, but also in Australia and New Zealand the presence of the Japanese in large numbers is considered undesirable. The English-speaking peoples in the Pacific are therefore united in the determination to preserve the exploitation of their territories for the white man, and for the white man alone. If any doubt on this subject is entertained in the Mother Country, then, for the sake of the maintenance of the integrity of the Empire, the sooner this doubt is once and for all dispelled the better. The antagonistic sentiment in the territories of the Pacific is directed not alone to the Japanese; it extends to all Asiatics, irrespective of their nationality or the country of their allegiance. But it must be confessed that the presence of the Japanese is detested more than that of any other race. As colonists they are looked upon as comparing unfavourably with the Chinese. The latter are held to be more amenable to law and order, less aggressively assertive in individuality, more honest in their commercial transactions, and altogether less prone to corrupt the social community in the midst of which they have temporarily taken up their abode. Moreover, the Japanese immigrants are subjects of a country strong in a military sense and acknowledged as a Power; whereas the Chinese are subjects of an Empire whose diplomacy, unsupported by force, has always been unequal to the task of resisting measures of frank exclusion, taken from time to time, measures which were more discriminating than any imposed in regard to the Japanese. Thus the situation is complicated to an extraordinary degree, owing to the fact that while Japan is the friend and ally of Great Britain, the presence of her people is resented by the Colonies more than the presence of the people of any other Asiatic race.

While this resentment has been in existence for some considerable time in the United States, Canada, and elsewhere, it has of recent years gathered force, until to-day it threatens developments, the gravity of which must inevitably impress itself upon all those who have at heart the maintenance of Imperial interests, and, in a still greater sense, the consolidation of Anglo-Saxon aims and ideals. It is to be feared that in the British Isles the danger is not sufficiently understood—not sufficiently realised. We who see little of the Japanese know little of them. We have, for the most part, formed our opinions from books that were written in the days of old Japan, the days when Japan was the land of quaint customs and picturesque scenes. Few Japanese visit England; and those who do so are either officials charged with special missions, or else the representatives of established business concerns in Japan. From contact with such as these it is impossible for us to form a

true estimate of the Japanese character. The peoples of the Pacific, however, meet all classes of Japanese, particularly the labourers, who are the most undesirable class. If value is to be attached to the saying that to know people it is necessary to live with them, the Americans and our Colonials are in a position to form an opinion of the Japanese which is much nearer the truth than any superficial survey of the tourist or the officially inspired writer. We who are far distant from the scene of racial strife cannot logically refute this opinion without casting a reflection, not only upon the honesty but also upon the common-sense of our own kinsmen. Let us, therefore, be chary of criticising others who are in a better position than ourselves to judge of their own local needs.

As the problem of Asiatic immigration is more acute in British Columbia than in Australia or New Zealand, I propose to deal with some of its general aspects in so far as it relates to that portion of the King's Dominions. In the course of a speech in the Canadian House of Commons on January 21st, 1908, M. Lemieux, the representative of the Canadian Government, who concluded an understanding with Japan on the subject of immigration, and who has frequently expressed his cordial appreciation of the Japanese, reminded his hearers that "One must bear in mind that there are now over 25,000 Asiatics in British Columbia, practically all of whom are male adults. There are about 75,000 male adults of the white race in the Province. So that if to-day every fourth man in that Province competing for a living is an Asiatic, are not the reasons for effectual restriction far more compelling than one would at first imagine?" A census shows that of the 17,000 Chinese in Canada no fewer than 14,000 are domiciled in British Columbia. Originally a tax of 50 dollars per head was placed upon all Chinese immigrants. This was subsequently increased to 100 dollars; but, as it did not prove effective in checking the influx of Chinese, a still further increase to 500 dollars was made from January 1st, 1904. For two years no Chinese entered the Dominion. In 1906 there were sixteen, and in 1905 ninety-five, Chinese immigrants.

It is not denied that there is a serious shortage of labour in this province. With an area of 395,000 square miles, British Columbia has a white population of only 260,000, or less than one person to the square mile. In many respects it constitutes one of the most desirable territories for immigration in the whole world. The country is described as evergreen, healthful, and invigorating, and it presents the greatest variety of climate of any of the provinces of Canada. With a coast line of 450 miles on the Pacific Ocean, washed by the waters of a warm current that flows from Japan, the territory occupies a situation only rivalled by that of California, and one fully justifying the title given it of the "World's Sanatorium." The industrial resources are so immense as to be incalculable. There are over 82,000,000 acres of forest and woodland, and the area of standing timber is the largest and most compact in the world; wheat land covers 10,000,000 acres; coal-measures are the most extensive in the world; the undeveloped deposits of iron ore are enormous; the fisheries have yielded over 103,000,000 dols.; while gold to the value of 114,000,000 dols., and other minerals to the extent of 185,000,000 dols. have been produced. In view of these facts it must be admitted that nowhere can be found a fairer field for immigration than the rich lands of British Columbia. For their development both capital and labour are required. The quarter of a million white people who have already settled in the province have as yet barely scraped the surface of the soil. There is room not only for thousands but for millions more, and herein lies the crux of the whole problem of immigration. Where are these thousands, these millions to come from? From the East or from the West? Are they to be white men, with the habits

of white men, who will assimilate with the white race already settled on the soil? Or are they to be yellow men, with the habits of yellow men, whose assimilation with the white settlers is as undesirable as it is impossible? British Columbia has already made up her mind on this question.

MOTORING

THE R.A.C. test of a 14.20 h.p. Deasy car (Siddeley type) was concluded on the 19th inst. The official certificate of performance will not be issued for some little time, as the car has to be dismantled to allow of a detailed examination of the mechanism; but it is unofficially announced that the whole distance of 15,000 miles was covered without an involuntary stop. This was a very fine performance, especially as it is stated that the car was running as well at the finish as at the commencement of the trial. Only on one other occasion, we believe, has any car been subjected, under R.A.C. supervision, to so prolonged a trial; and it is hardly too much to say that the splendid achievement of the car referred to did more than anything else to establish its permanent position in the front rank of the world's automobiles. We refer to the memorable trial of the Rolls-Royce "Silver Ghost," which in 1906 covered 15,000 miles *on the road* without an involuntary stop, and which, on exhaustive examination by the official experts at the conclusion of the run, showed its mechanism to be practically as perfect and free from signs of wear as on the day it left the Rolls-Royce works. No competitor has attempted to emulate this performance, which stands out as the most remarkable in the annals of automobilism.

Practically the only two problems in connection with the motor-car which still remain to be solved are the evolution of the ideal tyre and the dustless road. So far as essentials are concerned, the tyre remains what it was when Dunlop invented it—or, rather, rendered it practicable—before the motor era had even commenced in this country. It has, of course, vastly improved in strength and durability in the intervening years; in fact, when one realizes the tremendous strains to which it is subjected, and which it successfully withstands, one can only marvel at the science and skill which have conferred such strength upon so thin a shield of rubber and fabric. But the tyre which consists of a combination of air and rubber is still the only one which is practicable for use on the motor-car; it is still liable to puncture and burst, and it still constitutes the most troublesome and expensive feature of motoring. What the future may have in store one cannot tell; but the utter failure, so far, of inventors to give us a satisfactory substitute for the conventional pneumatic tyre or to remove its grave defects is not conducive to optimism in this important matter.

With regard to the other great problem—that of dust-prevention—the position is different. It may safely be said that whatever popular prejudice still exists against the motor-car is mainly due to the dust nuisance for which it is responsible. It is perfectly true, as motorists are never tired of arguing, that the car does not actually create the dust, but it is equally true that it raises and disperses it, and it is the raising and dispersing of it that constitutes the real evil. However, the main point is that the dust nuisance does exist to an intolerable degree, and that until it is

A NEW FACTOR IN MOTORING.

The best is generally good enough for most people; but generally most people are lamentably unsuccessful in getting the best. How, for example, may the motorist get the best tyre? It is the matter of moment to him; but only the costly experiment will answer the question satisfactorily.

If he could exhaustively test every tyre on the market until the best had been determined; if his years of experience and an expert knowledge of rubber and its preparation, had given him ideas for improvement which he could incorporate in that best tyre, and again exhaustively test until he was entirely satisfied with the results, he would be able to claim that he had the best. Is that not so?

Then we have the best tyre because that has been our method. With entire liberty of choice we made our selection, incorporated our ideas, entered into a binding contract with the manufacturers (a firm of the highest reputation and experience), and produced—the **VICTOR TYRE**. Indisputably the **VICTOR TYRE** is the best.

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remedied, prejudice against the car will continue, and motoring itself will be deprived of half its charms.

Unlike the case of the perfect tyre, there does not seem to be any insuperable difficulty in the way of obtaining the dustless, or practically dustless, road. The exhaustive experiments carried out during the last year or two by surveyors and experts all over the Kingdom prove that a properly-constructed road foundation, which has its surface tar-sprayed at reasonable intervals, is to all intents and purposes dust-free, and both motorists and the public are entitled to ask what the authorities have done, or propose to do, in that direction. Much was expected from the Road Board, which was specially constituted to deal with the question, and was provided (by motorists) with the necessary funds, but it must be admitted that up to the present there are few indications of drastic improvement.

There are signs that the long-threatened invasion of this country by American motor-car manufacturers is on the eve of materialisation on a scale which will demand the very serious attention of our own makers, if the latter are to retain the position they have won by a dozen years of determined and persistent effort. For some months past several of the big American car-manufacturing "combines" have had branches or distributing agencies located in the Metropolis, and definite announcements of a further influx in the near future appear from time to time in the technical motor journals. Of course, the American manufacturers, with the modesty which is so characteristic of them, make no secret of their intention to secure the lion's share of the British market, if not to capture it *in toto*; and they will do it by offering their productions at prices with which the British maker cannot compete. It is not difficult to understand that they may be in a position to do this. The enormous scale upon which cars are manufactured in America—one reads of individual factories capable of an output of 20,000 complete cars per annum—naturally tends to reduce the cost of production to a minimum; and, in addition, there is the important point of the disposal of the surplus production to be considered. It is stated that at the present time the American factories are equipped with the necessary plant for the turning out of 200,000 cars every year, and the native demand has been, and still is, so great as to absorb almost the whole of this enormous output. But this cannot go on indefinitely. The time must come when the home demand will slacken, and the American manufacturer will then have to find a market for his surplus wares at any price. This is the real danger the British maker will have to face—the surplus product. Fortunately for him, the unpleasant impression produced upon the minds of the Britisher by the low-priced American bicycles dumped over here in such enormous quantities and in similar circumstances some fifteen or twenty years ago still remains to an appreciable degree, and it will take some time before the consequential prejudice against American cars is wholly removed.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE Coronation is over, and we are all heartily glad to have some work to do. Frankly the disturbance to trade caused by a long public holiday in the middle of the season is not

liked, and we all hope that the Government will not give us another forty-eight hours' compulsory holiday. The speculator will not speculate when there is anything else to do. There is this curious feature connected with gambling in stocks and shares. It does not appear capable of being conducted by a mind that is bent upon any other pleasures.

The new Greek Loan is out, and although Messrs. Hambro and Messrs. Erlanger give the issue their support, I do not think that the public will apply. They might just as well buy Greek Fives at 101½ instead of these new Fours at 86½. The new issue yields £4 14s. per cent., and the old issue, including accrued interest, 5 per cent. Greece is prosperous to-day, and may not go to war with Turkey. But many Greeks consider that such a war is a complete certainty and that the country only requires money in order to make a good fight. If a war did break out all Greek stocks would tumble ten or fifteen points. Therefore I see no reason why any one should jump at the new loan. The Dominion Saw Mills asks the public for five million dollars in the shape of 50,000 seven per cent. participating preference shares of 100 dollars each. They will be sold at 97½ dollars, or rather the allotment will be made at par and a commission of 2½ per cent. allowed. The money is wanted to purchase certain retail lumber businesses, the profits of which are estimated at £100,000 a year. It will be remembered that the Debentures of Dominion Saw Mills were floated last year. South Vancouver has been asking the public to subscribe to a 4 per cent. Loan, but as this is only a suburb of the city of Vancouver itself, it does not appear to me a reasonable proposition. The interest is much too low.

MONEY.—Money is gradually hardening up, and the combination of the Settlement and the end of the half-year has made money distinctly tight. This is, however, only momentary strength, and in July we may expect ease. There will be a good deal of gold coming from Egypt, for although a certain amount of hoarding has no doubt taken place, the fellahs still owe large sums of money to the banks and mortgage institutions, and this money is gradually becoming available to London.

FOREIGNERS.—All foreigners have been idle. The new Greek Loan is quoted at par. Russian Fours have improved a shade, and the four and a halfs are up a point. Peru Prefs, which are really the only gamble in the Foreign Market at the moment, go strong and weaken again as the bulls succeed in getting out. Tintos are better on the account, but they should see yet higher prices, for they are being bought by the right people.

HOME RAILS.—The Home Railway Market improved only to fall back again. There is a great deal of talk about Dover A and Kent coal, but the Stock Exchange is much too previous in these matters, and cautious people will prefer to wait until Kent collieries are actually producing coal. At present, although I make no doubt that the coal is there, we are getting nothing but talk. There is evidently still a small bull account in Great Central A and B, but some of the weaker bulls were shaken out at the Settlement. North-Easterns look cheap and London and North-Western are also a fair purchase at 145, but the best of the lot, as I am continually reminding everybody, is Great Western at 129, and next to these I should prefer Lancashire and Yorkshire, which at par yield nearly 5 per cent. It is a strange thing that the public has never come into this market. It showed signs of buying a few months ago, but those who bought were unable to take up the stock, and although there has been a rise most of the prices are still too low.

YANKEES.—The Yankee market had a smart spurt on the news that the Combine between the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific had been declared legal, but the decision was not the decision of the Supreme Court, but only a Circuit Court, and it is possible that it may be appealed against. Nevertheless, the speculator went in and bought Unions greedily, and both Unions and Southerns show a sharp rise. The big bankers still remain rather pessimistic. The crop reports, upon which the whole thing really hangs, are not as good as at first anticipated. Business throughout the West is uncertain. In some places undoubtedly the harvest will be good, but dry weather seems to have damaged large sections of the country. The speculator

may find himself shaken out, for I again repeat that what the "Big Six" want is a steady market and no boom, and what the "Big Six" want they generally get.

CANADA.—The Canadian news shows that all the big financiers in Canada are becoming very nervous as to the financial position. The harvest will be the largest on record. This will mean that all the banks will require every farthing they can collect. Canadian banks are very well-managed institutions, and they will probably be able to find all the money that is required; but it is notorious that they have advanced very large sums to the promoters upon combines that have not yet been floated. These promoters relied upon London finding the money, and London apparently realises that Canada is a little over done. I do not think that we shall have any serious crash, but it is quite certain that wise people are now getting out of their Canadian securities, and they will not buy in again until the slump has run its course.

RUBBER.—Notwithstanding the Rubber Exhibition, which, by the way, is one of the dullest shows I have ever attended, rubber shares remain practically unsaleable. The dealers report that they never do a bargain, and, although Linggis and Vals stiffened just before the account, this was only due to some of the jobbers making their books even and not to any demand on the part of the public. Raw rubber remains at a very low figure, and it is clear that there are large stocks still to be sold. I am often asked to recommend cheap rubber shares, but this is impossible, for with rubber weak in price, dividends for next year are certain to be reduced, and the share that looks cheap to-day will be found to have been a very expensive purchase in 1912. I am afraid that the bottom has not been reached.

Oil.—Sir Marcus Samuel through the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company has at last come to terms with the Red Sea Oil Fields. In my opinion they are paying too much for the property. The Red Sea Oilfields has made a good bargain, for it gets the Samuel crowd to find the money and manage the business, and all it has to do is to sit tight. Red Seas look cheap to-day. It is possible that an oil-field may be built up. Certainly the reports of the geologists are favourable; but oil-fields require enormous capital and many years of patient drilling. The meeting of the Commonwealth Oil was a very uninteresting affair, for Mr. Mackay was able to announce that the Board had made arrangements to find working capital. This relieved the shareholders of any responsibilities. I do not see how this Company can ever hope to pay a dividend in view of its huge capital and extravagant management.

KAFFIRS.—The Kaffir market still keeps very dull, and people are evidently afraid that the continued illness of Sir Julius Wernher has had something to do with the lethargy displayed by the leaders. Optimists, however, declare that the Rand is on the eve of an immense production, and that new methods and new machinery will reduce working costs. Cheap power and mechanical drills may do a great deal, but 50 per cent. of working costs are labour, and this, according to the manager of the Rand Mines, will cost more this year than last year. At the moment I see nothing attractive in the Kaffir market.

RHODESIANS.—Rhodesians are harder mainly because the dealers now have the steady support of the big houses, who are quite determined not to allow any share to fall below what they consider its legitimate value. As the leaders hold two-thirds of the share capital of all the Rhodesian companies they can make prices whatever they like. Mr. Robert Williams, the greatest boomster on earth, has sent a magnificent cable, in which he says he has seen enough ore to produce 600,000 tons of copper, or about an eighth of the world's consumption. No doubt Mr. Williams believes his own good news, but the London market takes it coldly. It has grown used to the optimism of this remarkable gentleman.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A share that has recently been officially quoted on the London Stock Exchange is the 100-drachma share of the Bank of Athens, which can be purchased to-day at about 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. The last dividend was 9 per cent., and it is believed that 1911 will show an improvement on 1910. The turnover of the Bank has jumped from 2,241 million

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